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NOVEMBER, 1866.

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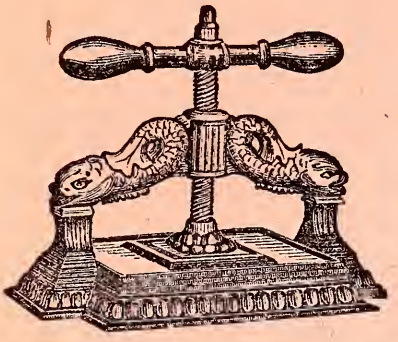

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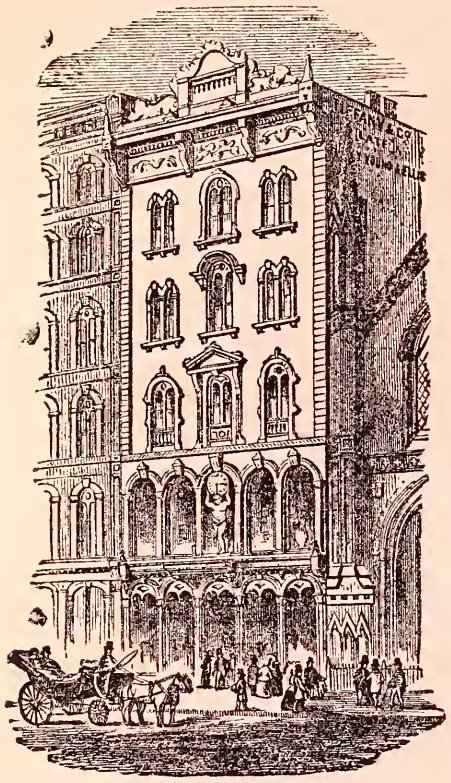

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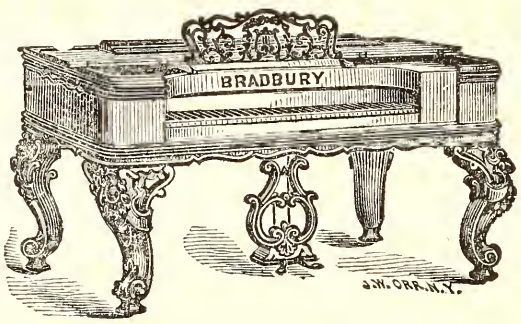

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

Art. I. — UNITARIAN VIEWS OF CHRIST.

Being the Fourth Popular Lecture in the Course given by Eight Unitarian Ministers in the Cooper Union, New York, January and February, 1866. By the Editor.

My aim, on this occasion, is to unfold the Unitarian idea of Jesus Christ with all frankness and simplicity. I should relieve myself of some embarrassment, if I said simply *my own* view as a Unitarian; but that is entitled to little consideration, and many would go away, saying, "Yes; that is what one minister of the Unitarian faith thinks about Christ, but we wish to know what the body of the denomination think:" and that is a reasonable expectation. On the other hand, the Unitarian body allows and encourages such independent thinking in regard to Christian doctrine, that no man is fully authorized to speak for all the rest. And I shall not pretend to do so in any other way than by a perfectly open and frank disclosure of our varying views, endeavoring to give you as full an idea of the breadth and openness of our faith on this point as is possible.

The first half of this discourse will be occupied with a negative statement, showing what Unitarians deny about Jesus Christ; and the last half with a positive statement, showing what they affirm, and profess to believe.

There are within the Unitarian ranks all shades of opinion

about Jesus Christ, from a modal or Sabellian Semi-Trinitarianism, through High and Low Arianism, Socinianism, Priestleyism, down to pure Humanitarianism and Naturalism. I name these types of our faith for the benefit of the few theological students who may be present, and to give all my audience an idea of the diversity in our ranks. I should be glad to state as exactly as possible what those various Unitarian views are. There are no views entertained by any portion of our Unitarian ministers or people about Jesus Christ, or any other theme, which we desire to conceal or to apologize for. The Unitarian denomination is responsible for the opinions that grow up within its boundaries. It is trying to convince the world that dogmatic creeds are not necessary to the perpetuity of the Christian Faith; that differences in speculative opinion need not separate the disciples of Christ from each other; that honest, earnest, unconditioned inquiry into all questions of history or tradition, of Scripture or Church, of dogma or practice, is lawful, safe, and useful. It does not wish to deny or conceal the fruits of these principles. The world has a right to judge of Unitarian principles by the opinions and conclusions to which they lead, by the sort of men who represent them, by the diversities of views they allow, and even by the extreme breadth of the interval between what is sometimes called the right and the left wing of the body.

The Unitarian body is divided, perhaps nearly evenly, beween what may be called the Old and the New School of thinkers, — persons, on the one hand, more in sympathy with Dr. Channing; and persons, on the other hand, more in sympathy with Theodore Parker: and I think I may add, that the union of the two extremes, in spite of mutual criticism, is growing every day more complete. If there ever existed a disposition to disown each other, it has nearly disappeared, and is sure to fade out entirely. Theodore Parker, from the obloquy which his bold and antagonistic utterances provoked, was, for several years, a kind of bugbear in our denomination, whom many individual Unitarians repudiated as not of the body; but he was really never cut off from his connection

with us, and I have always thought our Trinitarian brethren perfectly justified in charging us with whatever responsibility belongs to a Church that reared such a man. Although his views are not the prevalent views, yet there is no place of safety in the Unitarian body for any Christian who is afraid of fellowship with such men as Theodore Parker. We have a hundred men, I presume, in our pulpits, who look up to him as one of the best Christians, and one of the greatest spiritual forces, that Divine Providence has vouchsafed to our denomination or our generation; and, differing from him widely in many of his conclusions as I do, I feel bound to say, that I believe his influence has been good and glorious, and that, instead of a source of weakness, his name is a tower of strength to our cause. Let me add, too, that to put Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker, differ as they did in theology, into opposite categories, is a mistake in every way. In his lifetime, Dr. Channing was the friend of Theodore Parker, and was far less afraid of his opinions and influence than most conservative Unitarians were. I do not doubt, that, if both of them were alive to-day, they would not only scout any plan of distrust and separation between the two schools in the Unitarian body, but would confess that the more radical element in our denomination was as vitally necessary to its usefulness and success as the more conservative one.

Let me say, still further, that I suppose Orthodoxy has no exaggerated or mistaken idea of the absolute liberty, the critical tendencies, the diverse opinions, which prevail among us Unitarians; and that we have no disposition to apologize for them, or to have them thought any less than they really are. I hold it to be no permanent misfortune that Unitarianism has attracted the alarmed, disparaging suspicions and denunciatory attention of the Christian world; that it has been crowded out of the fellowship of the popular sects as a form of faith not to be countenanced, because violently contrasted with their fundamental idea. Only so could the great work of correction and purification of the common faith of the Church be accomplished; only so could the vast step onward and upward which the moral and spir-

itual interests of humanity wait for and sorely need, be secured. Had the fundamental Unitarian protest, denying the deity of Jesus Christ, been regarded as only a common heresy, or shade of sectarian opinion, which might be overlooked or quietly endured, — as one of those inconsiderable and merely functional disorders of the common Faith to which the Church has in all ages been compelled to show a reluctant toleration, — it would have done serious injustice to the magnitude of the reform, the radical character of the revolution, which actually lies hid in the very idea of Unitarianism. No such other step remains to be taken in Christian theology as Unitarianism took. It cannot be exaggerated in height and depth. To deny that Jesus Christ is the creator and builder of the universe; to deny that he is the actual and positive equal of the Father, uncreated, eternal, very God, the proper object of divine worship, — is to deny the fundamental idea on which the theology (I do not say the religion) of the Christian Church has rested since the fourth century; is to dig up the very corner-stone and to undermine the whole structure of the popular theology, both of the Catholic and the Protestant Church, for fifteen centuries. If that denial be made good and successfully established, the very key of the Church position and creed is taken; and it is only a question of time, when every other characteristic dogma of what has called itself Orthodoxy so long must be formally surrendered or silently abandoned as untenable.

Far be it, then, from any sincere and faithful Unitarian to complain of the obstinate and passionate zeal with which this denial has been controverted, or the Christian name and discipleship of those who have made it has been questioned. I do not doubt the sincerity or the earnestness of the hatred and dread with which this postulate of Unitarianism has been met. Nay, I hold it as an honorable recognition of the fundamental importance of the theological reform represented by the Unitarian movement, and of the vastness of that final progress, which, under this providential leading, the Church is certain to make in its ultimate conception of the real nature and scope of the Christian religion itself, and the actual character and work of its founder.

For this is precisely what all schools and all shades of Unitarianism do agree in denying, — the proper deity of Jesus Christ. And this and this alone — Christian faith and character being assumed — is what specially makes a Unitarian. We deny universally, that Jesus Christ is, in any proper sense whatever, the Supreme God; that he is an uncreated being, equal in power and glory with his God and our God; that he created the material world, or that he is the Providence over it. We deny that he ever claimed, or that he is willing to receive, the religious worship of his disciples; that he is the proper object of prayer; that he possesses a single special attribute of the One and Only God.

I do not propose, at this time, to prove that this denial is justified and required by the Scriptures, easy as that would be. True, I believe fully that it is so, and that it is impossible to prove, by any just reading of the Old or New Testaments that Jesus Christ ever asserted himself, or that his apostles ever declared him, to be God in the sense in which the Church has commonly pronounced him such. I have no faith that it ever entered into the head of those who knew him in the flesh, or those who planted Christianity, or those who cherished its early growth for the first two centuries, that Christ was God. The opinion grew up later, and was the fruit of the marriage of the gospel with the new Platonism of Alexandria. But I do not now propose to bring together the proof-texts, scattered in the greatest profusion through the New Testament, in evidence of the derived and dependent character of Jesus Christ, the Sent of God, the Mediator of the New Covenant, the Son of God, the Son of man, born of a woman, and dying a mortal death by the hands of his enemies. Whatever might be incumbent, in the way of a main reliance on proof-texts, on those who accept the fictitious and exploded dogma of the plenary and verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, this reliance would be both fraudulent and foolish for one who believes that the New Testament, sacred and precious and true as it is, is to be read by no other light than that which belongs to the interpretation of any other ancient historical work; who regards it as a record of the honest

attempt of great, good, and believing men, moved by the devoutest faith and love to communicate their own best conceptions of the events of which they were witnesses, with all the ordinary influences of human imperfection, the prejudices of the age and of their own education to bias and impair the account they gave. It does not belong to such a view of the Scriptures to enter into a textual controversy with those who assume that the Bible is not merely what Unitarians believe it to be, — the *word* of God, — but also that its very words are the literal words of God, as absolutely celestial in their independent authority and meaning as if the heavens had opened, and God had this moment spoken forth, in a voice of thunder, some explicit declaration of his will.

I fully believe, indeed, that so genuine, so honest, so true, is the record of the New Testament, so early in its origin, and so thoroughly imbued with Unitarian theology, that, if every word of it had been plenarily inspired, and if it were properly to be handled as our Orthodox friends handle it, Unitarians would lose nothing in the argument with their Trinitarian opponents, in respect of the alleged doctrine of the deity of Christ. I deny with all my understanding and with all my heart, that the Trinity is found in the Scriptures. The Roman Church, when it serves her purpose, confesses that it is not found there, and bases one of the most important of her arguments for the necessity of an inspired and infallible Church on the absence of so important a dogma from the New Testament, — a want, it maintains, providentially left to be supplemented by her own councils. I believe, that, in the textual controversies carried on between Trinitarian and Unitarian scholars, the Unitarians have had immensely the advantage. But it is not *so* that the deity of Christ is to be disproved. It never came from the Scriptures, and it will never be overthrown by Scriptural evidence, strong as that may be. It grew up in a state of society, when men craved in their religion what partook of mythological extravagance, and material, hyperbolic mystery, to offset the melodramatic and polytheistic notions in which they had been bred. That

same spirit, which later made the Mother of our Lord an object of Catholic idolatry, earlier made her holy Son an object of divine worship. The desire to bring God within the easier reach of human thought and definite conceptions induced the Church to construct into hard theological statement, and logical proposition, what had floated as an indefinite, mystical idea in the language of the Master himself in speaking of his oneness with the Father, — a moral and spiritual oneness which he asserted might be enjoyed by his disciples. Had Jesus Christ been born, and had he died, in the nineteenth century; had he done every act, and uttered every word, recorded of him in his own time, — there could by no possibility have entered into any human mind the suspicion that he was the Deity himself! Logic, philosophy, experience, science, common sense, would have made such an inference, not only impossible, but absurd. And are we to think that what could not be believed, if Christianity were new to-day, will long be believed because Christianity is not new, and was born into a dark and superstitious age?

No: Unitarians deny the deity of Christ as unscriptural, irrational, incredible, and injurious. In my own judgment, such a doctrine, if it were proved by fair literary criticism to be the actual doctrine of the four Gospels, proved to be Christ's own conception of himself, proved to be the idea on which he founded his Church, would be fatal to the credibility of his claims; and, if it were inseparable from his pretensions, would destroy sooner or later his religion itself. And, indeed, this mythical dogma of the Church and the schools, however much it may have done when united with the worship of the Virgin to attract the faith of the common people in superstitious times, has been the chief source of the scepticism and infidelity which have marked the more independent minds of every era. The time has come when Christian faith staggers under the load of this venerable assumption; when the gospel is hampered and hindered by its supposed responsibleness for such an hypothesis. Protestantism still holds on in its creeds to what gives Roman Catholicism its power to stay, with its unmoral mysteries, the progress of human

liberty and human virtue; and it is in vain that the Protestant Church denounces transubstantiation and the worship of Mary, or the worship of images, while it maintains the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds and the worship of Christ. They are mere degrees of the same kind of superstition, and utterly opposed to the spirituality which said, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." If Protestantism expects to make head against the corruptions of the Roman Church, let her bravely adopt all the conclusions involved in her original protest in favor of the right of private judgment, and of the application of reason to religion. To assert the deity of one born of a woman, and living and dying in the ordinary condition of humanity, is to assert as essentially incredible, absurd, and self-contradictory a proposition as the human mind, in its wildest flights of religious fancy, ever imagined.

When one soberly thinks that the faith of ninty-nine hundredths of the whole Church professedly rests at this day upon this marvellous hypothesis, it is impossible not to tremble for the existence of the Christian religion itself. One asks with dismay, what is to become of the gospel, when the light of science, and the influence of popular education, the history of false religion, the record of popular delusion, the actual account of the origin and growth of this very dogma, comes to be somewhat generally known? Will there not be an alarming proclivity to general scepticism as to the whole historic character of the Christian religion? Will there not be a disposition to deny its moral and spiritual authority, just as the obstinate persistency of lovers of the Union, in the defence of that now crushed slave-system, which nestled like a worm at the heart of our national plant, induced numbers of good people to call the Constitution itself a compact with hell?

This is no vain apprehension. I seriously believe, that the confounding of real, simple Christianity with incredible systems of ecclesiastical dogma, which now claim to be identical with the gospel, and alone to represent it truly, is at the bottom of that alarming falling-off from faith, that indif-

ference to the Church, and abandonment of its worship, which characterizes our time. It is said, that, in this city, our church attendance has been stationary for a period during which our population has doubled. And it makes no difference to assert, that this new population comes largely from foreign parts. It comes from countries called "Christian," and where a theology founded on the deity of Christ prevails. And there is no concealing the fact, that Christian institutions, the Sabbath, and the Bible, are rapidly losing their hold upon the faith of the thinking classes. Christianity has no more urgent business than to prove her own absolute independence of the superstitious, humanly devised, and purely scholastic systems of dogma, which with adroit magic are forced upon the ignorant masses of the Catholic Church; and, with the weight of sacred habit, and a fear of consequences if they be let go, are pressed upon Protestants under a combination of so-called evangelical sects. It is, then, not as the assailants of any thing Christian, but as the defenders and protectors of the vital facts and truths of the gospel, that Unitarians not only avow their disbelief in the deity of Christ, but pronounce that dogma no part of the revelation, and no part of the religion, of Christ.

But how painful it is to truly Christian love and piety to be dwelling thus at length, and thus earnestly, upon what Unitarians do *not* believe about Jesus Christ, when he is so dear and exalted an object of faith and love and reverence with them; when they allow no Christians anywhere to exceed them in the practical importance they attach to his work, his character, and his gospel; when every tenderest fibre in their hearts is thrilling with sensibility for what Jesus Christ has done and been and remains; and when they know that all that the best Christians of Trinitarian folds enjoy and cherish in Christ's communion and fellowship is familiar to their own affections and thoughts, and consonant with their own faith, without the existence or need of one particle of the scholastic and incredible dogmas which repel and drive into scepticism so many thoughtful and courageous minds!

Unitarians of the school to which I belong, accept Jesus

Christ with all their hearts as the Sent of God; the divinely inspired Son of the Father, who by his miraculously proven office and his sinless and celestial life and character, was fitted to be, and was made, the revealer of the universal and permanent religion of the human race. That religion was embodied in a life and character. God raised up and inspired Jesus Christ to be, and to show himself to be, his representative here on earth, possessing affections so holy and so full, a knowledge of God's character and will so complete and exact, a sympathy with his Father so thorough and quick, that nineteen centuries have only increased the love and reverence felt for his person, his character, and his work. The Church of Christ is the natural and necessary, as well as the providential, result of such a life. To hand down the words of his lips, the recollection of his deeds, the memory of his spirit and whole career, was as inevitable as the spring verdure and the summer fruits that follow in the track of the ascending sun. If Abraham's faithfulness and venerable name still live throughout the whole East, in regions where neither Jew nor Mahometan — the sons of Israel or of Ishmael — have carried its fragrance, how indestructible was the record of a life like Christ's! He lived himself into the hearts of his disciples, and through them into imperishable history and authority, by the all-penetrating truth, beauty, and sanctity of his life and character. Nearer to God by his essential quality of spirit, by his original make, by his insight into spiritual things, and his moral and humane sympathies, than any creature of the Father had ever been, he was owned by heavenly love and truth as their own special likeness and representative.

Do you ask me, if God originally created him to be a Saviour, specially indued him with heavenly graces, and then, as a finished likeness of himself, sent him into the world to found the Christian Church, and to originate that history which for nineteen centuries has followed his appearing? All I can answer is, that my faith in Christ and his authority *is as if this were so.* To say positively that it was so, implies a knowledge of God's spiritual prescience and methods which

I do not possess. Nobody can tell whether Jesus Christ's character and qualities gave him his office, or whether his office secured him his character and qualities. It comes in either case to the same thing. How much of choice and will, how much of ordinary human struggle, preceded and accompanied the sinlessness of Christ, I cannot tell. Who can tell in any human being, of a specially lovely, spiritual cast and character, how much is nature, how much grace, — how much is original, how much acquired? I have no disposition to go behind the facts in the case. The fact of Christ's super-eminent spiritual power, moral elevation, and broad sympathy; of his surpassing spirit of self-sacrifice, and never-waning faithfulness, — is accepted of all; nay, more than accepted, — is proved by the homage of nineteen centuries. The fact that he has founded a religion, which has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of the advancing civilization of the human race; that his person has been the central point of interest, the moving force, the ever-elastic spring of life and motion, in the Church and the world, — this cannot be disputed. The fact that his words and temper and spirit bear the test of the longest experience, the deepest reflection, the highest reach, so that time, which tries all things merely human, only adds force and stability to his precepts and his method; the fact that gratitude and love for his character and his work on earth have been the continued incitement, the effectual motive, and the unfailing charm, of the religious life of his best disciples, so that communion and fellowship with him, growing into a friendship dearer than Augustine had with his mother, has been the experience of millions who have given up their lives to spread the knowledge of their Saviour through the world, — all this is not inference, is not speculation, is not dogma. It is *fact*; — sober, unquestioned fact. And it is *the great fact.* It is the fact which makes Christianity the power it is; the fact which upholds and will uphold it, let science and literary criticism and philosophy do what they may or must to disturb the theological systems and fond superstitions of the popular Church. These errors owe their life and motion to

the glorious truth to which they have clung: the ship carries along the barnacles, which, had they the consciousness of theologians and ecclesiastics, would perhaps boast that they were carrying along the ship. That mighty tide of spiritual life and force, which we call the religion of Jesus Christ, carries along a thousand superstitions, false dogmas, crude speculations, and confident assertions, which would have had no chance to float on any less powerful current; which, left to themselves, would sink into the muddy bottom of the channel where they belong. What has always done the real Christian work of the world is not what gets the credit of the work: it is the essential truth, beauty, goodness, holiness of Christ's character and inflowing life, the mighty force of his glorious moral personality, inspiring the conscience and directing the will of humanity. To this, the real life of the Church and of Christian society, theologians and doctors, schoolmen and priests, have added their theories and speculations, in the shape of creeds and articles touching the nature of Christ, the constitution of the Godhead, the doctrine of the Logos; the double nature, the pre-existence of Jesus, — opinions and formulas not without their use perhaps in the time in which they originated, but all of them provisional, temporary, having no permanent or essential connection with the fundamental truth. They bear to the progress of Christ very much the relation which the stones under a conqueror's feet, which he passes over and leaves behind, bear to the advance of the conqueror himself, entering and possessing the land and the cities he has won with his name and his sword. To have these metaphysical propositions, these abstruse theories, thrust at us in place of the warm and living personality of Jesus Christ himself; to have this Jesus shut up in wooden creeds, and presented to the world only in the costume of ecclesiastical systems and theological abstractions, is a terrible hindrance to that free, affectionate intercourse, which ought to make him for all the millions of our race what he always is to his true disciples, — the understood, the welcome, the practical, the inspiring, and beloved Friend, Counsellor, and Saviour of their souls, here and for ever.

I know well how good people are accustomed to talk of the need of something besides the living Christ to convert the world; how they substitute theories about him for Christ himself; how they erect all sorts of sacred barriers between him and those they would fain make his disciples. But, for myself, it is not theology, it is faith in Christ, which is the way to the Father. The way to make Christians is to present Christ in his life and conversation and death, in his words and precepts and spirit; and leave him to make his own impression upon the hearts of the people. Nothing is done by theories about his nature. We want to see the Saviour himself, and feel the actual warmth and inspiration of his character, of his very personality; and that it is which wins, illumines, converts, and saves our souls.

If you say that views simple and rational as these want the power to give body and shape to Christianity; that they furnish religious ideas and sentiments, but not a religion; that they might supply a secret spring of life to private souls, but do not build a public fountain round which all may gather to draw and drink,—being a faith rather than a worship,—that, alas! is an infirmity they temporarily share with Protestantism itself. But it is a lesser evil than the evil which it opposes, and which has driven it into its own extreme. If you want a body for the Christian religion, go and see where it lies in state under the catafalque of St. Peter's; candles burning round the corpse, while caparisoned bishops and priests, in all the colors of the rainbow, like butterflies over the carcass of a lamb fallen in the field, weave their traditional motions and genuflexions, and shift their laced coats and aprons round the pale remains of Christ's native simplicity, and original spirit of meekness and love! We need not go far to find some meagre copy of this laying-out of the gospel in state, even in our Protestant communions. God save us from substituting forms for the spirit of practical Christianity! But, spite of all the abuses of rites, ceremonies, and vestments, a public religion must have a body and form. And, with most Unitarians, I believe in the Church as well as in the Christ,—believe in institutional Christianity,—believe tenderly and truly in

the Scriptural ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper, believe in the blessedness of the Lord's Day, in the need of public worship and the Christian ministry, the use of all "means of grace," in the efficacy of prayer, the importance of daily familiarity with the Scriptures, the necessity of a submission of the will to God, and a consecration of the heart and soul to his service. Moreover, practically, I believe that Jesus Christ furnishes — in the discipleship which he invites, and in the teaching, inspiration, and comfort which the reverence for and love of him imparts — the actual way or method by which the personal fruits of his religion are alone systematically to be produced.

And, when enough of the world have embraced these views of Christianity not to compel their few disciples to stand in an attitude of armed protest against popular errors; when Unitarian views of Christ and the Church have become widely enough spread to be atmospheric, or drawn in with the mother's milk, and to enter into the very blood and sinew of a whole generation, — what a glorious Church shall we not behold! Then only will the inherent beauty and power of primitive Christianity step forth, clothed in all that two thousand years have gathered of truth and beauty and utility. No longer will the religion of Christ and the religion of nature be antagonized and contrasted; no longer will the Church and the world be natural enemies; no longer life on earth, and immortality beyond the grave, be played off against each other. Reason will open her full-orbed eyes only to raise them in reverence to Christ, and in worship to God. Conscience will echo every word of the Master's lips, when simply and sincerely reported. Science will hasten to lay every discovery she makes in God's universe on the hospitable shrine of a fearless Christian faith. Philosophy will come to fill her lamp with the holy oil of the gospel cruise, or put it, newly trimmed and burning, down upon the altar, without one fear that the light of the world will forbid the mixing of its beams with his own effulgent rays. Art, forsaking saloons and theatres, will give her best triumphs to religion; and religion, no longer prim and sour, sanctimonious and narrow, will know how to value beauty and

grace, and to bind again to her generous bosom the ornaments she flung away, only because her followers loved them better than herself.

It is a false, mystic, scholastic, superstitious theology — behind the age, behind the lights of political, scientific, and economic experience — which supports a wasteful and inoperative Christianity. We must adjust our theology to our general and necessary ideas, — ideas which we have not sought, but which seek us, as the dawn seeks the sleeper. The light is breaking in full splendor all round the horizon. Will the Church alone close her curtains on its beams? Then she, who alone has power to interpret all other lights with her own central sun, will be deserted by the practical workers of the world, who will give themselves up to a busy worldliness and a ruinous materialism; while successful energy and intelligence will use science and art to crush down, and turn to the uses of a special class, the labor of the rest. They are doing it now. The Christianity that is doggedly conservative, and sticks by her antiquities, is inhuman; is at war with progress; is the enemy of hope for the masses, whom she stupefies, that they may sleep on her altars while she rifles their substance. We have seen those churches that are the greatest sticklers for order and stability obstructing the progress of the nation, the emancipation of the slave, the equal rights of race and class, the claim of the Government to maintain itself. Will the people of the United States long maintain, as their religion, creeds and usages which contradict all their instincts and experiences? Are we never to adjust our faith to our reason, our lives to our convictions, our religion to our hopes and endeavors as human beings, citizens, parents, and men of affairs?

Then shall the Church put on her beautiful garments, when Christ's disciples have clothed themselves in the practical graces of those who see, not so much a spiritual magician, — a doubled-natured Saviour standing between them in their imputed sins or native depravity, and a God of wrath and a blazing hell, — as a blessed model, inspirer, leader, helper, comforter, binding up human wounds, pitying and washing away

human sins, opening the sealed fountains of goodness in the heart, and giving God in his inward light and love to the souls that know not and believe not he is in them here and now. Christ came in the flesh, and lived here on the solid earth. His work is still here on the earth, in which he left his blood. Oh, how you want him in your business, in your workshops, in your tenement houses; want him to help you govern your children, and defend them from the wiles and sins about them; want him to help you bear and conquer your hard conditions of life! Do you think Jesus Christ as a practical Saviour, Jesus Christ the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, Jesus Christ your elder brother and friend, not distant as a God, not unapproachable as a throned spirit, but Jesus Christ, the man Christ Jesus, the hater of oppression, the friend of the poor sinner, and the lover and worker of miracles of healing and mercy, — do you think he could be believed on in this simple, practical way, and not work an immediate and mighty revolution in this very city? Do you think we should have half a million of people here, crowded in wretched cellars, attics, and reeking tenements, — with lust and drunkenness and sin and crime, poverty, ignorance, and folly, breaking their hearts, and brutalizing their habits, and extinguishing their souls? Would not Christians go to work, with such views, in practical ways to alleviate, and make impossible, such a state of things?

Let a simple, rational faith — such a faith as Channing and Parker taught and adorned — become for one generation the religion of this country, and it would sweep away the barriers of human progress, wash out the Augean stables of popular sin, emancipate the minds and faculties of millions, and stamp the image of Jesus Christ, the Divine Man, in living lines on millions who now worship him as God, without even thinking to do the things that he said, or to show forth the spirit he was of.

Art. II. — MORAL LIFE UNDER THE EMPIRE.

Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine. Von Ludwig Friedländer, Professor in Königsburg. 2 vols. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Hirzel. 1865.

The political history of Rome, from its rise to its fall, has been treated in its successive stages by many writers, — rewritten by Niebuhr, and analyzed by Mommsen, and compassed in its last vast sweep of splendor and decrepitude by Gibbon; but the Roman life, as it ebbed and flowed in the Roman palaces and amphitheatres and villas and temples, furnishes a not less instructive, and altogether more fascinating, subject for illustration; — a subject which has been much overlooked, for the reason that one who is fitted to do it justice is likely to be drawn away to more ambitious topics. Professor Friedländer, however, has not yielded to the usual temptation, but has confined his exhaustive survey of the ancient life of Rome strictly to its social aspects. He has done, indeed, little more than accumulate facts; but facts well arranged are better than rhetoric, better than disquisition, better than any thing but the original grasp and the swift illumination of genius. Every page of his book brings us face to face with the multitudinous throngs that swayed to and fro through the narrow streets of Rome, throbbing out their restless life, as it were, in a ceaseless surge of greed and lust. You may hear the sounds of all languages known to men, and see the colors of all races, — fair-haired Germans of the imperial body-guard, with glittering helmets; and black slaves leading elephants from the emperor's stables; and Egyptian priests in linen robes, with smoothly shaven heads, bearing an image of Isis in slow procession; and Greek philosophers, with Hindoo boys behind them carrying their books; and Eastern princes in high caps and many-colored garments, silent and serious; while tattooed savages from Britain look on in wonder at it all.

That a great festival might be celebrated in Rome with

the splendor to which the Romans had become at last accustomed, the energies of all nations were tasked, from the Rhine to the Ganges. The Hindoo set his tame elephants in motion to hunt their wild kindred of the plains: the savage Teuton spread his nets in the swampy thickets of the Rhine where the wild boar rooted; and the Ethiopian on his swift desert-steed chased the ostrich in ever-lessening circles, or lurked in the dreary wildernesses of Atlas, around the cunning traps set there for the lion; while men of every hue and all ages were dragged from the obscurest corners of the earth to furnish victims for the bloody sports of the arena. For, though in the times of the republic the gladiators had consisted for the most part of Samnites and Thracians and Gauls, as the limits of the empire were extended, they were brought from even greater distances: tattooed savages of Britain, and blonde Germans from the Rhine and Danube, and tawny Moors of Atlas, and negroes from the interior of Africa, and nomades from the Russian steppes, — all went up to fight and die in the amphitheatres of Rome; and scaly Parthian coats of mail and British war-chariots came at last to be as familiar a sight as the small, round shield of the Thracians, or the square bucklers of the Samnites.

Yet what a mass of human misery beneath all this pomp does the occasional anecdote of the historian reveal! Seneca relates, that a gladiator whom they were carrying to the arena in a wagon, sitting between soldiers appointed to guard him, feigned himself asleep; and, nodding his head, at last let it sink down till he could bring it within the spokes of one of the wheels, and held it there till the revolution of the wheel had broken his neck. And Symmachus testifies, that a number of those adventurous Saxons who at that time were in the habit of coming down in small boats from the North Sea on expeditions of plunder to the coasts of Gaul, falling into the hands of the Romans, were condemned to appear as gladiators in the sports which Symmachus was about to institute; and, on the very first day of their imprisonment, twenty-nine of them throttled one another with their own hands.

Even in taming animals for the arena, the object seems to have been to teach them just what was most contrary to their nature. Wild bulls suffered boys to dance on their backs, and stood on their hind feet, and played tricks with horses in the water, and stood immovable as charioteers on swiftly flying chariots. Stags were taught to be obedient to the bridle, and leopards to go in a yoke, and cranes to run in circles and fight each other, and peaceful antelopes to butt each other with their horns till one or the other lay dead on the ground; while lions were made as docile as dogs, for in Domitian's games they were seen to catch hares, and hold them uninjured between their teeth, and let them go and again catch them at command; and elephants sank upon their knees at the wink of their black attendants, and performed dances for which one of the elephants themselves struck the cymbals, while others reclined at table, and four of them bore a fifth like a child in a litter, and another went upon the tight rope, and still another wrote Latin; and Pliny affirms that once, when several of them were training together, one of the elephants — who was slower to learn than the rest, and was therefore frequently threatened with blows — was found at night practising by himself, by moonlight, what he had been taught in the day.

Yet, cruel as the Romans were to animals, they were even more cruel to men. In the theatrical, especially pantomimic, representations which took place in the arena, the players were condemned malefactors, and the torments and the death they represented were not feigned, but real; for, as out of the death-bringing garments of Medea, flames would suddenly shoot up out of the costly gold-embroidered tunics and purple mantles in which they appeared, and consume them. There was indeed scarcely a species of torture or death, which was not introduced for the amusement of the people: Hercules died in the flames of Œta; Mucius Scævola held his hand over the live coals till it was consumed; the robber Laureolus, the hero of a well-known play, was hung upon a cross, and his limbs were torn away one by one by wild beasts; while, in the same play, another malefactor represented Orpheus

ascending out of the underworld, while all nature was charmed by his music, and rocks and trees moved towards him, and birds hovered over him, and wild beasts surrounded him; and, when the play had lasted long enough, the actor was thrown to a bear to be devoured in the presence of the multitude. And in all the Roman literature there is scarcely an expression of abhorrence at such inhumanities. The deeds of the gladiators were to Martial superior to those of Hercules; while Statius compared the women who fought each other in the arena with clubs to Amazons; and found the sight of dwarfs tearing each other in pieces a joke good enough to be laughed at by Father Mars and the bloody goddess of bravery.

Professor Friedländer, however, is not merely successful in thus depicting the obvious features of this multiform life; but, with the instinct of a true philosopher, occasionally brings his army of facts to bear upon the causes which were slowly wasting the giant strength of the empire. And to one of these causes, certainly the most curious, if not most characteristic of the hypocrisy of that formalism into which the Roman civilization was gradually passing, it will be worth while to allude.

The very existence of the practice of legacy-hunting would indicate the approaching dissolution of almost any state of society; but the extent and vigor with which it was pursued in Rome are a frightful commentary upon the one-sidedness of the whole ancient civilization. In earlier times, marriage was an institution to be reverenced: to remain unmarried was alike contrary to nature and the laws. But, in the later periods of the republic, marriage was a burden; and, finally, under the empire, after the civil wars had brought their disastrous blight upon the moral and social relations, it was a restraint not to be tolerated. Augustus, indeed, attempted to create a reform; but, as might have been expected, legislation, if not wholly impotent, was but a superficial cure for an evil so deeply rooted. He found, as other reformers have found since, that you cannot legislate men into virtue. A pervading sentiment of opposition to a given practice, springing

from the universal recognition of it as a sin, must go before the law; and in Rome there was practically little recognition of any thing but pleasure.

Now, pleasure took the form, for the most part, of banquets; and, as they became therefore enormously expensive, it was a weighty question with the giver, of course, what guests were worth inviting to share in the extravagance which was very likely to end in his bankruptcy. Obviously, one would turn to those who might be of use in an emergency; that is, to those who had wealth at their command to dispose of when they themselves were done with it, — to the childless rich, who, on the one hand, were swayed by personal friendships much stronger in their nature in ancient than in modern times; and, on the other, were unrestrained by those claims of kindred to which more regard is paid now than at that period.

Thus there grew up, out of this strange blending of virtues and vices, a theory of life more desolating in its last results than was ever witnessed on so large a scale before or since. There was nothing the rich might not demand and expect in the way of personal service and sacrifice, on the part of those who waited for their death. They were overwhelmed with presents of the costliest delicacies from the remotest kingdoms: fish, game, wine of the rarest sort, poured in upon them, year in and year out. Did the house of one of their friends please them, they could not do him a greater favor than to accept it as a gift; did their own house burn down, it was at once rebuilt by the contributions of their friends; did they get involved in lawsuits, their friends stood ready to defend them; did they make verses, they had at once loud admirers; did they give readings, a numerous and attentive audience. Were they ill, their couch was surrounded by sympathizing attendants, the walls of the temples were covered with votive offerings, the soothsayers were interrogated, and the smoke of sacrifice ascended to the gods: all that art and wealth and friendship could do, was done; while at the same time, of course, the anxious waiters for the legacies that were to fall in, employed astrologers to calculate

the hour of their friend's death, and sometimes, it is recorded, bribed his physician to hasten it.

But the arts of the rich, seeking to extract the greatest possible advantage from the inheritance they had to leave behind them, soon came to equal those of the legacy-hunters themselves. They made their wills over and over again, thirty times a year, if need be; and, as a last resort, in case the attention they had hitherto commanded began to fail, they gave themselves out as ill, and took on a shocking cough, and were altogether near their end. Pliny relates, that Julius Vindex, who with such great courage undertook to free the empire from the tyranny of Nero, did not disdain to entice the hunters after his wealth, by an artificial paleness induced by medicines. Often, indeed, it was a sharper game than this, and the rich man who attemped to enjoy the advantages of bachelordom really had no wealth at all. His great possessions in Africa, that nobody had ever seen; and his merchant-ships that were on their way from Carthage, but never came, — were but fabrications. "No one recognizes children in Rome," says Petronius; "for he who has heirs of his body is neither invited to banquets, nor admitted to parties of pleasure; but remains excluded from all social advantages, and leads an obscure life with those who are in disgrace. Those, on the contrary, who have never married, and have no near relations, attain the highest honors, and count as the best sort of fellows. Rich men invite them to their banquets; the nobility flatter, the orators applaud them without compensation. But, were a child born to them, they would be upon the instant without friends, powerless."

Thus all the tendencies of Roman society were in steady opposition to the increase of the native Roman population. Over all the long avenues that led up to Rome from every quarter of the world, there poured a constant succession of recruits for the necessities of this sumptuous and wasteful life. By degrees this foreign population took on the form of the Roman civilization, filled the Roman armies, and made conquests in the name of Rome; but the ancient spirit died out rapidly under the ceaseless pressure of this alien element,

so that, at last, what the debaucheries of Rome began, the battle-axes of Alaric might well complete. Yet then, it was not so much that Rome fell as that it first became apparent that the Romans had long ago fallen, and left only the ghost of a name to dwell above their dishonored graves. It was this gradual approach of luxury, this silent, steady inroad of personal corruption, this universal loss of private virtue, which made the republic impossible, and Cæsar a necessity; which made all good laws worthless, and all bad laws worse; which made the virtuous indignation of Cicero, and the comprehensive purpose of Cæsar, alike ineffectual; which overrode all attempts at political reform, and scoffed at despotism as it had scoffed at freedom. "You will see in Rome," said Petronius, "a city like unto a field in a time of pestilence, where there is nothing but corpses, and ravens that feed on them." Is there not a lesson in this for us? for may it not be true after all, as Comte laid down for one of his fundamental propositions, that political are subordinate to social relations?

Pliny says, man is by nature fond of travel and full of curiosity; but the travels of the ancients, though much more frequent than we imagine, exhibit nevertheless nothing of that spirit of adventure which has animated modern explorers. Though they may, perhaps, have surmised the existence of a continent between Western Europe and Asia, — for Pausanias relates, upon the testimony of a Carian navigator, that desert islands were to be found in the Atlantic Ocean, inhabited by creatures resembling satyrs, — they no more attempted to ascertain the truth of the report than they did to penetrate the vaste wastes of Africa to the south, where, as it was commonly believed, the intense heat made the stones glow even at nightfall, and the sand burned the feet of men bold enough to tread it. Though in Pliny's time there were five Roman colonies in Mauritania, yet so little was really known of the country, that he relates that the mountain solitudes of Atlas, so terrible in their loneliness in the day, glittered all over at night with fires, and echoed with the shouts of satyrs. And though he seems to have put no faith in the story of a

blessed hyperborean land, where eternal spring prevailed, and the day-time lasted half a year, yet Plutarch records that the islands around Britain were inhabited by spirits, and that Cronos, asleep on one of them, was held captive by the giant Briareus; while the belief that the coasts of Britain were a part of the kingdom of the dead, the abode of departed souls, re-appears in various forms in later times.

But though there was little travel to the north, for it was inconceivable that one should be willing, except upon a commercial enterprise, to leave the fair lands of Italy for the gloomy forest-country beyond the Alps; and though the travel to the south seldom extended farther than Egypt, — yet within the limits of the Roman empire, in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, there was for a long period a great deal of intercourse. For, in the first centuries of the Christian era, the empire was for long periods at peace; and with peace came order, and regularity of communication. The sea and the land were safe, the cities were prosperous, the hills and valleys were tilled. In the power of Rome, men recognized the gift of a new life, as it were, from its gods; and, praying that it might be eternal, at last believed that it would be. The conditions of travel, as to facility and security and speed, were better fulfilled, indeed, in the greater part of the Roman empire than they were in Europe before the beginning of the present century; while the occasions for change of place were very numerous, so that there was, no doubt, as much travel, on the whole, in the first century as in the nineteenth, before the introduction of railroads. At the baths of Vicarello, the ancient Aquæ Aureliæ, on the Lake of Bracciano, near Rome, three silver vases were found in 1852, made in the shape of milestones, upon which were engraved itineraries of the whole route from Cadiz to Rome, with the names of the several stations and the distances between each; a votive offering, doubtless, made by inhabitants of Cadiz, in token of the recovery of their health through the use of the waters.

With the government post, one could travel a geographical mile an hour, including rests. Cæsar traversed the distance

between Rome and the Rhone in less than eight days, about twenty geographical miles each twenty-four hours; and, in later times, they generally went from Antioch to Constantinople in less than ten days. Paul arrived at Puteoli from Rhegium, with the south wind, in a day; and, in favorable weather, one could reach Puteoli from Corinth on the fifth day. In going from Italy to the Ægean or Attica, it was usual to land at Lechæum on the Gulf of Corinth; and, crossing the isthmus, take ship again at Cenchreæ, just as until lately the Austrian Lloyd-steamers landed passengers at Lutraki, and took them up again in other steamers at Kalamki, on the opposite side of the isthmus. Or, if the sea-voyage was feared, they sometimes went by land. Though it was in winter, and he was ill, Aristides travelled through the inhospitable regions of Macedonia and Thrace, and arrived in Rome on the hundredth day after leaving Mysia. From the Sea of Azof, freight-ships reached Rhodes on the tenth day out; and, from Rhodes, it was but four days to Alexandria.

But, as in Europe before the introduction of railroads, travel was the luxury of the rich, for whose convenience, indeed, the ancient world was chiefly devised. For in nothing does the modern differ so much from the ancient civilization as in the tendency to diffuse itself among all classes. There was no place for a poor man at Rome, unless he belonged to the rabble, for whom the State provided bread and games; just as, in modern times in England, the fact that you are not rich is to be excused, as Niebuhr said, only by strenuous labor to become so. Persons of small means travelled on foot, girded, or with their little luggage on a mule; and were obliged to put up at the inns, which were for the most part bad, crowded with mule-drivers and grooms, full of noises and bad smells, the pillows stuffed with reeds, and the beds reeking with vermin. Moreover the publicans were in bad repute as a class; and cheated, and adulterated their wines, and stole the oats from the traveller's mule.

But, with the rich and mighty, life on the road was a different thing. Nero never went anywhere without a thousand

chariots, the mule-drivers in red jackets, and the mules shod with silver. Poppæa was followed by a train of five hundred asses, in order that she might enjoy daily the bath of milk by the help of which she preserved the fairness of her skin. And this luxury, of course, was imitated by the higher classes. Gaily-dressed Moors and Numidian outriders and footmen went first, in order to remove any obstacles which might cause delay to the travelling carriages, which were contrived, not only so as to read and write, but also to sleep, and decorated even with gold and silver figures worth, sometimes, more than a country estate, the hangings of silk and costly stuffs; and followed by led, ambling horses, in order that the company might vary the monotony of the journey by equestrian exercise, — and trains of pack-horses, with purple embroidered coverings, bearing the table-service of gold and crystal; while the favorite pages, who rode near their master, wore masks of paste, in order to protect their complexions from the heat.

But, besides the rich who travelled for pleasure, the military service carried thousands incessantly from their homes, while the great dignitaries of the State seldom reached the highest point in their career without having been much employed in the provinces, either in the military or civil service; and these journeys took them often at one bound from the moors of Scotland to Mount Atlas, from the cities of Syria to the camps in Germany. And it was not merely that every thing and everybody streamed to Rome: there was also a great intercourse between the provinces. Learned Greeks taught school in Spain. Syrian goldsmiths made jewelry in Switzerland for the wives of the Roman colonists. Greek painters and sculptors were scattered throughout the cities of Gaul, while Gauls and Germans served in the body-guard of a Jewish king at Jerusalem, and Jews were settled in every province of the empire.

Moreover, the necessity of practical observation in the various industries and arts was more universal than in modern times; for not only was less to be learned from books, but what was learned was less to be depended upon. The learned,

therefore, as well as teachers and artists and artisans, led a wandering life, especially the two latter classes; for all through the Roman world there existed a craving to invest life, so to speak, with an artistic atmosphere, as the immense quantity of fragments of statues found in all the provinces in part testifies. The sacred games also and festivals drew large numbers of persons, especially the Eleusinian mysteries, which had a great attraction for the Romans, many of whom, besides, like Apuleius, journeyed from one sanctuary to another, and were initiated into all mysteries, in order to be sure not to miss any divine blessing which was possible to be had.

The temples, indeed, were an object of special interest for the works of art, generally rich votive offerings, which they contained, as well as for the objects of curiosity, of various sorts deposited in them. Thus the greatest crystal Pliny ever saw was that at the Capitol, presented by Livia; while in the Temple of Concord might be seen the four elephants constructed at the command of Augustus out of black obsidian, with a view to test its reflecting power; and the pretended ring of Polycrates, in a golden case, presented by Augustus; and, in the temple of Venus, Cæsar's coat of mail made of British pearls. In the temple of Æsculapius at Athens, Pausanias saw a Sarmatian coat of mail made of horse-shoes; and in the temples at Rome were Tanaquil's distaff and spindle, and a robe woven by her which was worn by her son-in-law, Servius Tullius; while, in the temple at Athens, they showed the coat of mail worn by Masistius, the leader of the Persian cavalry at Platæa, together with the sword of Mardonius. The relics of heroes, however, were in much greater esteem than those which belonged to historical times: for mythology and the early reading of the poets had made the world of fable much more real than that of fact, from the egg of Leda, suspended from the ceiling of a temple at Sparta; and the cup of electrum, the measure, it is said, of her bosom, presented by Helen to the temple of Minerva in Lindus; to the ships of Agamemnon at Eubœa, and of Æneas at Rome, and of Ulysses at Corcyra; and the clay out of which Prometheus made man, long preserved at Panopeus in Phocis; and the hair of Isis to

be seen at Coptos and Memphis, which she had torn from her head in grief at the death of Osiris. Scholars, enamored of all that wondrous lore which has kept the world captive for so many thousands of years, loved to find the spot in the temple of Venus, at Trœzene, where Phædra looked down upon Hippolytus as he drove his chariot by; and the myrtle with perforated leaves, which, in the madness of her love, the unfortunate Phædra had pierced with a hair-pin. They loved to sit on the stone in the harbor of Salamis, where Telamon had sat gazing at the ship which bore his sons away to Aulis; and to tread upon the spot where Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth from which sprang armed men; and where, at Laurentum, the camp of Æneas had been; while they passed by, with less interest, the spot at Literum where the elder Scipio had planted olive-trees, and the cliff at Capri whence Tiberius had thrown his victims into the sea.

Yet, though in Cicero's time they journeyed to Thespiæ solely to behold the Cupid of Praxiteles; and, according to Pliny, for the sake of beholding his Venus, which was regarded by many as the greatest work of art in the world, — there were frequent sea-voyages made to Cnidus: it was much more for the interest they had in nature and in men than in art, that the mere travel of curiosity, if one may call it so, was undertaken and kept up. The feeling to which Atticus gives expression in respect to Athens was, doubtless, as true of the educated classes then as it is now. "Places," he says, "in which we find traces of those we have loved and admired, make a certain impression upon us. Even my own favorite city of Athens affords me less pleasure, in its great structures and its costly works of ancient art, than through the recollection of its great men; for I look with interest upon the places where they dwelt and sat and talked and walked, and even upon their graves."

Yet the feeling for nature had a different basis, so to speak, from that upon which we build up our ever-growing interest in natural scenery. With us the enjoyment of nature is æsthetic, poetic, and religious only so far as all life and all beauty is religious; that is, more exquisite manifestations of the

goodness and the might of the Supreme Cause of all things. With the ancients, the more striking phenomena and evolutions of nature had a different significance; for they were direct exhibitions of the demoniac power which stood over against human life in no very intelligible relation, so that, while men wondered, they feared. If one beheld a grove of thickly-set ancient trees above the ordinary height, shutting out the sight of the heavens with their dense foliage, there was a mystery in the place, — for it was manifestly the abode of a god; and so in a grotto running far under great masses of rock, where the forces of nature seemed once to have played so wildly, but now solitary in its gloom, the imaginative Greek was sure that he heard the very whisper of the divinity it enshrined, in the winds that rustled in its lonely recesses; while, in the dripping of the water from the roof, or in the gurgling of a distant, deep-sunk stream, he fancied he listened to the music of laughing nymphs, who dwelt unseen in its shrouded depths. And, again, what more natural for him than to erect altars around the source of a river bursting out of some great gulf of earth! for was it not the demon himself leaping into being? And so with hot springs, and deep lakes shut in by forest-covered hills; and trees of gigantic growth, like the willow at Samos, and the oak at Dodona, and the olive on the Acropolis at Athens, and the plane-tree in Lycia, in the monstrous hollow of which Mucianus dined with twelve companions. And, again, both Romans and Greeks, when they found themselves in the western provinces of the empire, travelled to Gades (Cadiz), or the coasts of Gaul, to behold the ebb and flood of the tide; and Philostratus records the belief, still prevalent on many shores, that persons sick unto death may not pass away during the flood, but only at the beginning of the ebb.

For the sea, indeed, the Romans seem to have had a special love, as all their literature shows, as well as the frequent remains of their palaces and villas all along the shores of the Mediterranean and elsewhere. For not merely in all parts of Italy and in the islands of the Mediterranean, in Sicily and Sardinia, were the great estates of the nobles to be found,

but also in Asia Minor and Africa. In Cicero's time, the whole province of North Africa made but six great estates. It is, therefore, not a mere rhetorical expression of Seneca's, when he speaks of large tracts of land cultivated by slaves in fetters, and of grazing-fields equal to kingdoms in extent; for, far and wide, there was not a sea in which the palaces of the Roman nobles were not mirrored; no gulf on the shores of which their villas did not rise; no height overlooking land and water from which the roofs of their magnificent structures did not glitter in the midst of pine-groves and plane-trees and laurels, with all the accompaniments of arcades and fountains and baths. From his palace at Capri, Tiberius overlooked the whole of the beautiful Gulf of Naples. On the heights of Sorrento, the villa of Pollius Fabinus offered from every window a different prospect, — of Ischia and Capri and Procida; and from all, the water, with the sinking sun, when the day declined, and the shadows of the forest-covered hills fell upon the flood, and the palaces seemed to swim in the crystal sea. And so with the lakes and rivers of Italy. How fondly Catullus clung to the shores of the Lake of Garda, where, at his favorite Sirmio, relics still exist of Roman villas, which covered also the picturesque shores of the Lake of Como!

Yet, though the charm of the landscape was not unfelt by the Romans; though they visited spots remarkable for their beauty, in honor of the god who was supposed to have selected them for that reason, as the fountain of Clitumnus in Umbria, for instance, streaming forth beneath a hill of cypress, ice-cold, and of transparent green, with the ash-trees on either bank mirrored in its surface; though they could never withdraw themselves from the fascination of the scenery of Greece, with its idyllic fields and valleys and glittering mountains, so remarkable for their outline in that pure, clear air, and that strong, full light, with the magic of its works of art, that had come down for more than five centuries, brilliant as on the morning when they left the sculptor's hands, with a fragrance, as it were, of freshness about them, as if their bloom were never to wither, and the soul that spoke from

them were to speak on for ever, — though all this made a journey to Greece like a pleasant dream, yet the conception of the beauty of nature was much more limited with the Romans than with us. They had no comprehension of its wildness and majesty and vast, dreary mountains. The wonders of the Alps were unintelligible to them. They contemplated them-indeed, with much the same feeling with which modern navigators have looked upon the ice-deserts of the North Pole. At a time when, year after year, hundreds and thousands of Romans traversed the Alpine passes, and Switzerland was inhabited by Roman colonies, the traveller had no eye for any thing but the obstacles he encountered; for the steep ascent, and the narrow paths along the edge of bottomless abysses; for the dreariness of the ice-fields, and the fearful peril of the avalanches. A feeling for the sublime seems wanting, the eternal snow of the Alps, flushing with the rising and setting sun, the blue glaciers and the whirling torrents, had no meaning to them. They never seem to have climbed mountains for the prospect, or, in fact, at all, — unless it be Ætna, for its view of snow-fields lying around the fiery crater; though Hadrian, indeed, ascended also to observe the phenomenon of the rainbow, which it was said accompanied the sunrise. As Humboldt says, the Greeks and Romans seem to have been attracted only by the idyllic charms of the landscape : they had no taste whatever for what we call the wild and romantic. And so it was in the Middle Age, even down to the last century; for Goldsmith, for instance, who ventured into the Highlands of Scotland in 1733, speaks with disgust of their wildness, while he declares the country about Leyden, with its broad green meadows and country houses and statues and grottos and flower-beds and straight walks, incomparably beautiful.

Undoubtedly, the pantheism which in recent times has more or less invaded all departments of thought has had an effect upon our æsthetic perceptions: for, consciously or unconsciously, it is the soul in nature that we seek to discover; it is its revelations that we seek to listen to, as we take refuge in its purity and majesty and ever-abiding calm from the littleness and tumult of our turbid human existence. But, apart

from this general distinction, it will be found, perhaps, that the chief difference between the modern and the ancient view of nature lies in the perception of the effect of light and its modifications through the medium of the air, to which we give so much prominence: for no mention is found in ancient writers of the peculiar character which the landscape receives from illumination, nor of the varying effects of distance and nearness; not a word touching the gradations which exist between the coldness of moonlight and the glow of sunset, nor of the colors which, morning and evening, tinge the horizon and the distant mountain-tops, in southern skies. In all the ancient literature you may seek in vain for such a phrase as "blue mountains." The description of nature, as Forster and Humboldt have described it, is known only to our modern literature; for it is impossible without that greater scientific knowledge which characterizes our age.

Art. III. — TROLLOPE'S HISTORY OF FLORENCE.

A History of the Commonwealth of Florence, from the Earliest Independence of the Commune to the Fall of the Republic in 1831. By T. Adolphus Trollope, in four volumes (vols. 1 & 2). London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1865.

The continental traveller of twenty years since, who revisits Florence to-day, finds himself bewildered by the change in the natural language of the city. Its grand architectural monuments remain as before: the vast dome of the cathedral, the graceful shaft of the Campanile, the peerless bas-reliefs of the Baptistery, the dark heavy walls of the *palazzi*, the gay and populous river-side, the irregular broad piazza, the arcades of the loggias, the quaint tower of the Pallazzo Vecchio, the green alleys of the Boboli gardens, the convents on the adjacent eminences, the stone bridges, the surrounding mountains, — all look as of old. But the more superficial and

economical phases give to all these a new meaning. Little dark shops have been superseded by large and light warehouses; narrow streets are widened into spacious thoroughfares; deserted palaces, where an artist's studio could be hired cheap, are brightened up, refurnished, and let for fabulous prices; restaurants and *caffés* have multiplied, so have equipages; the character of the floating population is modified; an indescribable air of cosmopolitan life vivifies the old city; and her walls, whose successive enlargement marked the growth of the ancient republic, are remorselessly demolished to increase the crowded area of the capital of Italy. The contrast provokes reminiscence. The original and characteristic in Florence become more endeared; and the visitor resorts with fresh zest and curiosity to the mediæval relics and annals.

Such an instructive retrospect, the work before us seasonably inspires. The historical value and significance of the initial volumes of this record consist in the accurate exposition of primary municipal civilization. We perceive how the early conflicts of the imperial and ecclesiastical power — the two dominant political influences of the Middle Ages — gave opportunity for the organization of local self-government, whereby free citizenship was established, and industrial resources were auspiciously developed.

English readers were already familiar with the later and more brilliant, but less substantial, welfare of this favorite Italian city, through the tasteful but despotic rule of a ducal family. Roscoe's histories are interesting and valuable as descriptive of the æsthetic progress of the Etrurian Athens; Trollope's gives the political facts, traits, and triumphs of the Commonwealth in its original and independent career. We trace the "decrease of military and the increase of commercial aptitudes," and learn how Florence "contributed most towards bringing Italy and its people to such a point of advancement as to make freedom and self-government feasible," — a strong traditional argument for its preference as the capital of the united Kingdom. In the performance of what is evidently a labor of love, the author has wisely avoided

such details as the prolix native annalists furnish for the gratification of their fellow-citizens, and aimed to write "such an account as should not fail to leave the reader informed of the full significance of all the names of persons and places which have become household words in every European language, and should place in a clear light the amount and the nature of that which Florence has contributed to the civilization and progress of mankind." The wisdom and utility of this method of treating a very extensive and complicated theme entirely vindicate the author's claim to undertake the task. His peculiar fitness for it is still further emphasized by several previous works devoted to special branches of the subject, in which his complete grasp of materials and felicity of illustration have been fully recognized by the ablest critics. His style is singularly appropriate to the object in view, — not stilted or rhetorical, but familiar enough to be attractive; and alternating between concise statement of facts, chiefly derived from Ammirato and Villani, and philosophical episodes of discussion, with such references to the experience of other communities and periods as make the narration more suggestive and intelligible. His work is, indeed, a most desirable and appropriate companion to those of Sismondi and Roscoe.

The present instalment closes somewhat abruptly with the treaty of peace signed in 1428 by Filippo Maria Visconti, and remarks on the arbitrary system of Florentine taxation. Already, however, the names of certain families — destined at a subsequent epoch to be identified with the palmy artistic, but degraded political, life of the State and city — had come into prominence, especially the Capponi, Strozzi, and Medici; while Cimabue, Giotto, and Brunelleschi had initiated the triumphs of Tuscan art: Boccacio had written memorably of the pestilence, which serves as such a gloomy vestibule to his lightsome tales; and Dante's immortal poem had embodied, for all time, the cherished memory of Guido Calvancanti, the dereliction of Farinata, the terrible fate of Ugolino, the original fealty and subsequent corruption of civic life in his native city, and the divine love of Beatrice. While faithfully

attesting the influence of the Tuscan bard, and recording the details of his embassy to the pope, and his letter to the emperor, the English historian demurs to the inference of those enthusiastic critics who discover in the "Divina Commedia," and the political opinions and career of its author, such evidences of his foresight, and aspirations as a patriot, as justify the belief that his dominant and comprehensive object was the union into one harmonious nation of the discordant cities and provinces of the Italian peninsula.

The author's familiarity with Italian literature and manners, and with the city and its environs, whose early fortunes he so well rehearses, enables him to illustrate, by occasional personal episodes and local allusions, the scenes and facts described. This gives a peculiar interest to the narrative of the most remote transactions, by appealing to the associations of those familiar with Tuscany; while, by connecting the past and the present, a vital meaning is imparted to the story. No one who has seen the "Misericordia" pass on its errands of mercy can fail to read with gratified attention the account of its origin. No one who has observed the mania for lotteries among the people can wonder, when he is told that the ballot-box of old was converted into a "grab-bag." Few histories boast more local illustrations; but many of these seem destined to pass away before the cosmopolitan tendencies which have already changed the aspect and modified the individuality of Florence, — an inevitable result of her new rank, as the metropolis of the kingdom; so that the "culmination of the grand old city's fortunes," under the present *régime*, renders this fresh and faithful history thereof, "from the earliest independence of the Commune to the fall of the Republic in 1851," not less seasonable as a memorial of the past than instructive as a lesson for the present, serving as a needed literary landmark of "how many of the elements of modern civilization" were derived from the ancient Commonwealth.

The germinal process is easily traced. As the little community on the banks of the Arno increased in numbers, they protected themselves, according to the custom and needs of

the time, by walls and fortresses; the former frequently expanding, the latter constantly renewed. Their first enterprises, as a civic power, were directed against the territorial lords, whose castles in the strongholds of the Apennines were formidable barriers to the growth, and perpetual threats to the safety, of the Commune. To rout these feudal barons, and assimilate them with the State, was the normal economy of the young republic, — a gradual but essential condition of her progress and security. Meanwhile, industrial resources within the walls were fostered by associations, law, and a thrift which seems an original, as it is a permanent, trait of the Tuscans. Early in their history, the primal and pervasive element of material prosperity, money, was dealt in to an extent and with a sagacity unparalleled by any other city of mediæval times. The florin became a vast motive power, the Florentines the bankers of Europe; and, with the increase of local pride and position, the merchants and financiers devoted their wealth and facilities to the common weal, with rare and steadfast patriotism. Special manufactures also soon reached a superior degree of excellence in Florence. Cloth-dyeing was long almost a monopoly there, and the weavers and silk-factors were a rich class. With such a basis, we are at no loss to recognize the economical means whereby influence abroad and industry at home were sustained. It is when we turn from the mart to the political arena that the story becomes intricate. It is when, parallel with narratives of disaster and dismay which seem fatal to civic existence, we read of magnificence in popular *fêtes* and the acquisition of private fortunes, that we grow bewildered with the incongruous elements of the national life; and it is when we find the deadliest expedients of tyranny, and the wildest phases of political fanaticism, at work in the midst of an ostensibly popular government, that we are perplexed to reconcile the historical facts of Florentine power and prestige with the domestic annals of dissension, invasion, anarchy, and a disbursement of funds which seems adequate to drain the treasury of an empire.

For centuries, certain external dangers and internal dis-

sensions alternate in the chronicle with the regularity of a natural law. The phenomena succeed each other so equally, that only a diversity of names, dates, and places, assures us that we are occupied with a new page. On the one side is Imperialism, the military power and feudal pretensions of the German emperors, — the traditional Cæsarian rule, so time-hallowed that even in our day a cunning usurper has sought support for his authority by an appeal thereto through the literary sympathies of the age: on the other side is Ecclesiasticism — the spiritual dominion and temporal enginery of the Church, claiming obedience and tribute — sometimes artfully conciliated, and sometimes bravely defied. These two external forces sway the destiny, and overshadow the power and progress, of the shrewd and wealthy traders, who, by virtue of their bribes and bounties, their loyalty as citizens, and their tact as men of the world, succeed to a marvellous extent in securing immunity from absolute ruin, and escaping the wiles and will of these great mediæval arbiters of fate. Fortune not infrequently came to the rescue, when money and astuteness failed. The opportune death of the leader in church or empire, or the not less opportune quarrel between them and their respective enemies, diverted the immediate danger; while occasionally a coalition between these two pervasive ruling powers threatened the absolute destruction of the vigilant republic.

It is to be remembered, however, that the advanced political ideas, and the self-reliance which only honest labor imparts, had much to do with a more just idea than elsewhere obtained of the relation between the little State and the emperor and pope, which prevailed among the Florentines, and which doubtless had its influence in keeping them on the alert against slavish submission to the authority of either. Early emancipated from absolute deference to feudal traditions by their theory of self-government, the majority never yielded to Ghibelline sympathies, but so opposed and repudiated them as eventually to eliminate that element from their political faith, and destroy or exile its advocates; while, again and again, they treated with contempt papal interdicts, and

braved the thunders of the Vatican by the boldest diplomacy. Besides the formidable representatives of Cæsar and St. Peter, other potentates sought to appropriate or impoverish the republic, and with such means at command that it is marvellous their success was slight and brief. Now it is a French king, and now a Lombard duke: at one time, the flushed and famous military adventurer of the day, backed by a host of unscrupulous and valorous bandits; and, at another, the fierce rivalry and intense local hatred of a neighboring free city, reinforced usually by some ecclesiastical, kingly, or baronial ally. Prolonged and apparently useless are these conflicts, sometimes ending in a hypocritical truce, sometimes in a pecuniary compromise; for, in those days, fighting was a most respectable profession, and towns were bought and sold like chattels. External wars were still further, and often fatally, complicated by the habitual use of mercenary troops, and the constant decrees of exile by the successful faction; thus creating a large and assiduous class of malcontents abroad, who never ceased to conspire against the home from which they had been thus cruelly excluded.

Throughout the Florentine annals, we find the consequences of these two dangerous expedients. The hired champion easily becomes the usurping tyrant: the malignant exile is the sworn enemy of the State, and the co-adjutor of her foes and rivals. Yet bitter experience failed to modify either practice; and, again and again, the burghers flew to arms, and the civic authorities took trembling counsel, because of the approaches of an army led or inspired by banished citizens, or of soldiers of fortune out of work, or hired by foreign princes to let loose the dogs of war on unhappy Florence. Fortunately she could often outbid all competitors for the services of the free lances; and, as a last resort, recall and reinstate her exiles, when the political balance weighed heavily in their favor. Great, also, were the benefits to the State of her commercial importance and her financial relations; everywhere her citizens gleaned information or won interest for their beloved Commune; popes and princes often depended on her loans, and the civilized world on her looms and her mint.

What a long and varied procession of inimical potentates crowd the pages of the old Florentine historians! How constant the impending danger, the civic dismay, the battles, sieges, and embassies, whereby the fortunes of the State were kept in perpetual transition! From Frederic Barbarossa to the Visconti of Milan, from Rudolph of Hapsburgh to Castruccio, from Charles of Valois to Henry of Luxembourg, again and again the tide of foreign war seems about to overwhelm the young republic, and subject it to foreign rule; and the details of the alarm, the approach, the conflict, the councils, the invasion, and the recuperative life of the burgher city, at length become monotonous through their frequency. Always the same story recurs. Narrow animosities open the way to illegitimate authority, scenes of violence, days of panic, hours of fierce controversy, and then a crisis of peril which for the time blends party feuds in national sentiment; and blood and money are lavishly spent to purchase a brief interval of security, when the arts of peace again flourish, and the Commune is renewed in power and pride. Then what brilliant receptions, generous gifts, holiday *fêtes*, frugal industry, liberal loans, and complacent citizenship, attest the undiminished resources of the people! How childish the insults they heap on the foe! how puerile the superstitions whereby they interpret destiny!—throwing asses over the besieged walls, placarding caricatures, and carolling satirical verses; appointing the hour of a march by astrological calculations, and ascribing the failure of an expedition to monstrous births or the fall of a pillar; and withal counting golden florins, weaving fine fabrics, rearing noble buildings, and turning from dyeing-vat, loom, and ledger, to invent constitutional expedients and fight political battles.

It is, indeed, the vicissitudes of faction that complicate, almost unintelligibly to the modern reader, the fortunes of Florence. When the citizens are not called on to follow the national palladium, to the field of external war, and to rally at the sound of the *martello*, the national tocsin,—they immediately relapse into fierce party dissension.

It is precisely here that the English historian has given

clearness and emphasis to the bewildering record. He shows that, while parties then and there had a wonderful solidity, their watchwords were often obsolete or incongruous. The Bianchi and Neri quarrel, so relentless and persistent; the struggle between castes, the nobility and the popular element, the tradesmen and the aristocrats; and, finally, the old war-cry of Guelf and Ghibelline, — gradually lost their nominal, while they retained their essential, character. The right of self-government was so far conscious and pervasive as instinctively, under divers names and on various pretexts, to resist the encroachments of arbitrary and exclusive power. Aristocrats by birth and in feeling were forced to enroll themselves among the burghers, in order to secure a share in the political offices; and, on the other hand, when the lower classes for a time triumphed, their claims were set aside in the interest of order and progress. Thus authority changed hands, passing from the *popolani grassi* to the *popoli minuti*; from the Ciampi rioters to an oligarchy, and thence to a demagogue; and again, by elective powers, to wise and patriotic representatives, adapted to some exigency, or inspired by a change of affairs. The *arti minori* are in ascendency to-day, the *arti maggiori* to-morrow. A jilted bride, a cardinal's dog, or a boy's street-song, are ludicrously adequate to precipitate political crises. Dante has described, in adamantine rhyme, the early days of frugal and faithful citizenship; the fickleness, the treachery, and the triumphs which kept his native city in a ferment, raised him to official dignity, and sent him forth to pine, plead, prophesy, and die in exile. It is a bewildering tale; but, in the philosophical analysis of our author, we see — through tumultuous assemblies, interdicts, constitutional experiments, revolutions, the disfranchisement of one class and the intrigues of another, treason and corruption, secret denunciation and open defiance — a conservative principle, the same municipal system and the industrial organization which in the Netherlands survived years of persecution and invasion, and in our country achieved and maintained her independence. On every needful occasion, the guilds were marshalled under their respective banners;

and, through all the outward and internal conflicts, the idea of the Commonwealth, fealty to and faith in the Commune, kept alive the latent force of public opinion and national integrity. Though the experiment of republican government was doomed to inevitable failure through the substitution of partisanship for patriotism; though the legitimate workings of the democratic principle were fatally compromised by party hatred; though the people fought, not to maintain civil freedom, but to secure a part in the governing power, at whatever cost, — yet the old pride of citizenship, the loyalty of artisan and burgher as members of a civic body, long effectually modified the disintegrating influence of unscrupulous faction. There were popular assemblies, ballots, and all the machinery of free government; and to this agency, crude and capricious as it often was, is rightly ascribed much of the primitive freedom and growth of "the Arabs of the Interior," as the Pisans used once to satirically call the Florentines.

Meantime, plague, famine, freshets, and fires often checked the prosperous activity of the turbulent community; peace enriched the merchants and bankers; Pisa, Prato, Lucca, Pistoja and Cortona were successively annexed; Leghorn was purchased of the Genoese; and the feudal lords of the Apennines were subjugated, and transformed into citizens. In 1336, the income of the Commune was three hundred thousand florins, the expenditure but forty thousand. With such a surplus in the treasury, Florence could easily keep in pay redoubtable warriors, bribe popes and princes, furnish bread to the poor when grain was scarce, and bestow magnificent gifts on illustrious visitors. Her ways of raising money set at nought every principle of political economy. Her civic practices were utterly at variance with democratic precedents. Universal distrust led to a brief official tenure and a chance mode of election. But the enterprise of mediæval commerce was as bold as it was hazardous. The profits were in proportion to the risk. The wisdom of the few, with the industry of the many, long continued to keep the fame and fortunes of Florence progressive and prevailing. Free citizenship, how-

ever perverted, was, indeed, in the last analysis, the cause at once of her economical success and her political eminence. To have one's name on the baptismal roll of the Commune, preserved in the beautiful temple whose bronze gates were the delight of Michael Angelo, was in the palmy days of the State an enviable privilege, and an assurance of future civic rights and possible distinction. And, amid all the rancors and feuds at home, the children of the Republic strove to keep a firm and proud front to the world, and do their native city honor, — a course which Mr. Trollope aptly compares to the family pride which ignores domestic quarrels in society, and is there loyal to the claims of lineage and name.

Nor should it be forgotten, that the power of the guilds, and the patriotism of the burghers, however perverted by faction, came gallantly to the rescue in crises of anarchy, as when Lando the wool-comber was made *gonfaloniere* by an insurrection of the lowest class, and wisely and firmly secured law and order, and transferred the municipal power unstained to the Signiory. That body was a great representative fact in republican Florence, and all over Europe. It embodied triumphantly the public opinion of the State ; and, though often baffled, betrayed, and besieged in the Palazzo Publico, kept the fame and faith of the city with singular courage and wisdom. The federal principle, though secondary and casual, was not without influence. Florence ever maintained a Tuscan policy, not only striving to merge outlying baronies in the Commonwealth, but protecting the neighboring free cities from the usurpation of foreign invaders, whose presence before Bologna, Lucca, or Pistoja was to her a sufficient cause of war. Thus she recognized an identity of interest, and anticipated their eventual annexation, — on much the same principle as we advocate and maintain what is called the Monroe doctrine in our foreign policy.

It is impossible to follow the thoughtful annalist, and verify link by link the chain of cause and effect whereby the development of the democratic principle in the Middle Ages was alternately vindicated and thwarted, without recognizing the identical action and re-action which have governed modern

politics. Mr. Trollope finds a striking parallel between the animus and aims of the dominant Florentine parties and the Whigs and Tories of Great Britain; and he compares the commercial and manufacturing growth of Florence with that of England. But these affinities extend still further, and history repeats itself more in detail. The American reader especially will be struck with the counterparts, both in the struggle of parties and the exigencies of public affairs, between the first centuries of the Tuscan Commonwealth and the recent experiences of his own country. There is the same great division, sometimes latent, but always at work, of radicals and conservatives; the same bitter injustice born of political animosity; the same traditional tactics; the same encroachments of politicians upon the domain of statesmanship; the same disastrous interference of the civil authority with military movements; even the identical abuses of bounty-brokerage, and lapses of patriotic disinterestedness in the blind egotism of party zeal, redeemed at the critical moment by the noble uprising of the people. Ambition and civic self-assertion, as a motive, were the same in mediæval and in modern times; and the political philosophy of the Florentine democratic artisan, six centuries ago, may be given in the language of the English radical workman to-day:—

"It isn't a man's share just to mind your pin-making or your glass-blowing, and higgle about your own wages, and bring up your family to be ignorant sons of ignorant fathers, and no better prospect: that's a slave's share. We want a freeman's share; and that is to think and speak and act about what concerns us all, and see whether these fine gentlemen who undertake to govern us are doing the best they can for us." *

Curiously similar also is the resort to factitious expedients in the vain attempt to remedy vital errors of polity and principle,—tinkering constitutions, modifying official tenures, as if nominal could secure real reforms. Podestas, priors, councils of eight and ten, of peace and war, captains of the people and of parties, the fearful *ordini della Giustizia*, every

* Felix Holt the Radical.

function and form of rule, had the same difficulties to contend with, the same intricate problem to solve; and it was only when intelligent patriotism gained the ascendency that the suicidal career of unscrupulous faction was checked. But, like an insidious and deadly virus, this latter bane and blight infected the body politic, until the pure and primitive aspirations for freedom waned; and, despite her great financial resources, credit abroad, and prosperity at home, the free burghers of Florence became the vassals of a family whose wealth, astuteness, and despotic instincts were embellished, but unredeemed, by lavish patronage of Art and Letters that sustained the prestige of Florence in peerless distinction long after the eclipse of her political independence.

Art. IV.—LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WORKS OF MADAME SWETCHINE.

1. *Madame Swetchine, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Publiées par M. le Comte de Falloux. 2 vol. in-12.
2. *Lettres de Madame Swetchine.* Publiées par M. le Comte de Falloux. 2 vol. in-8.
3. *Madame Swetchine, Journal de sa Conversion, Méditations et Prières.* 1 vol. in-12.
4. *Correspondance du R. P. Lacordaire et de Madame Swetchine.* Publiées par M. le Comte de Falloux. 1 vol. in-8.
5. *Lettres Inédites de Madame Swetchine.* Publiées par M. le Comte de Falloux. 1 vol. in-8.

To those who have a taste for it, there is no study which in importance or in interest can compare with the direct study of human nature and human experience, as illustrated by individual examples. If the students are curious as to the secrets of greatness, and themselves emulous of excellence, the attraction of the study is much enhanced when it deals with persons of extraordinary powers and careers. It then

becomes fascinating. Beautiful and noble souls can find nothing so charming as a beautiful and noble soul.

In range, exaltation, and refinement of character, Madame Swetchine towers imposingly above the crowded mediocrities of her century. Such were the energy and co-ordination of her faculties, the richness of her acquisitions, the gracious dignity of her manners, the devotedness of her life, and the perfection of her ideal, that she would have been an exceptional figure in any society of any age; and, in ours, she appears unique. She was remarkable alike for the comprehensiveness and intensity of her nature, the height of her aims, the wisdom of her thoughts and conduct, the great impression she made on those about her, the exquisite precision of her knowledge of the human heart, and the serene self-possession and worldly detachment to which she attained. Her trials were severe, her experience was profound, her spirit was saintly. The struggles and continuous victory of her life and death furnish a model marked by as few flaws as are to be discerned in almost any of those whom we rank among the choicest specimens of our kind. Through her social charm and distinction, the published productions of her pen, and the unstinted influence of her many illustrious friends, she has already entered on the inheritance of an enviable fame. We now ask the reader to accompany us in a brief study of the career and the characteristics of this admirable woman.

Sophie Soymonof, descended from an ancestry of moderate rank, but distinguished for taste and achievements both in letters and arms, was born in Moscow, in the year 1782. Her father was soon afterwards called, as secretary to Catherine the Second, to occupy apartments in the imperial palace. Thus familiarized with the proudest scenes of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the earliest impressions of the Russian maiden were naturally associated with the grandest memories and hopes of her native land. Her father, delighted with her rapid development, assiduously devoted himself to her education. She manifested equal aptitude for languages, music, drawing, and designing. From a very early age, she showed

great originality and force of character. In her eighth year, she ardently desired a watch, and her father promised her one. With feverish excitement she awaited the day. Receiving the watch, and bearing it away in transports of joy, the thought suddenly struck her, that there was one thing which would be more beautiful than the watch; namely, to make a voluntary sacrifice of it. She immediately returned the long-coveted prize to her father, avowing the motive of her determination. Fixing a penetrating look on her, he took it and locked it up without a word. The little girl, growing up amidst pictures, medals, bronzes, and marbles, was familiar with the chief personages of fable and history; but she experienced an insuperable repugnance to a collection of mummies which her father kept in a cabinet. Blushing at her weakness, she resolved to overcome it. One day she opened the door, seized the nearest mummy, and clasped it to her bosom. The shock was so extreme that she fainted. Her father, hearing the fall, rushed in, and learned how bravely she had purchased the victory over her terror; for, from that time, the mummies were nothing more to her than objects of curiosity.

The imaginative and affectionate Sophie retained her attachment to dolls beyond the years of childhood. She formed romantic friendships with them, gave them names, animated them with intellectual and moral interests, assigned them parts in dialogues and plays. A vast gallery, full of gilding and chandeliers, adjoined the parlor of her father; and this she was frequently allowed to illuminate, and use as a theatre for her puppets. After passing her sixtieth year, she thus referred to these early days: "The vivid pleasure with which I used to enter into these little dramas, the ardor with which I made designs, prepared transparencies and painted them, invented emblems and devices, was incredible. My heart beat with rapture during the preparations; but an unutterable, devouring melancholy filled me when the lights began to go out. God, the world, entire Christianity, already dawn in the soul of a child; and never since has any form of the *Sic transit gloria mundi* burdened me with so profound a sadness."

When Paul, the half-mad Czar, espoused the Princess Marie de Wurtemburg, Sophie Soymonof, then in her sixteenth year, and distinguished for her accomplishments, was chosen maid of honor to the new empress. Marie was endowed with rare beauty, and surrounded by seductions and difficulties; but she set such an example of amiable and solid virtue in her lofty place, that calumny never assailed her. A strong affection, based on mutual esteem and tenderness, sprang up between the empress and her maid. This affection was never interrupted nor chilled. The fury and puerility, the monstrous pride and jealousy of Paul, made him constantly quarrel with those who were brought into close relations with him. The empress alone triumphed over his outbursts, by dint of unfailing sweetness, modesty, and patience. She smilingly submitted to the capricious exactions, distasteful exercises, and excessive fatigues he imposed. However bitter her sufferings, the serenity of her soul was never visibly altered. But, in sympathizing with the hardships of her kind mistress, Sophie early learned to penetrate the secret of noisy pomp and hidden woes, glittering prosperity and silent tears.

Under this salutary protection, these stimulating auspices, she reached her seventeenth year. The copious force with which her constitution was supplied, made constant labors a resource, solace, and pleasure to her. She spoke Russian, Italian, English, and French with ease and purity; German with care; and had studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Her colored drawings would have done honor to a professional artist. Her voice, full, sonorous, flexible, of rare compass, was familiarized with the learned and affecting harmonies of the North, as well as with the brilliant melodies of Italy. She was not beautiful; but her features, gesture, and accent had a sympathetic charm that was indefinable. Her small, slightly irregular blue eyes were animated and benevolent; her nose had the Calmuck point; her complexion was of extreme clearness, her figure tall, her bearing easy and gracious, her least words and motions stamped with delicacy and distinction.

Secretary Soymonof, aware of the precarious tenure by which the dependents of the court held their prosperity, was

anxious to secure for his daughter a trustworthy protector, and a handsome position in the future. He cast his eyes on his personal friend, General Swetchine, a man of an imposing aspect, a firm character, a just and calm spirit, who had had an honorable career, and was held in high consideration. Sophie accepted, with her usual deference to her father's wishes, the husband thus chosen, although he was twenty-five years older than herself. It cost her many a secret pang; for she was already in love with a young man of noble birth and fortune, with rare qualities of mind and a brilliant destiny. She knew that her affection was reciprocated. But, from a sense of filial duty, she silently renounced him; and, when he in turn resigned himself to another marriage, she became the warm and steadfast friend of his wife. This painful renunciation, in the introspective reflection, and the dissolution of romantic dreams to which it led, was the first of those earthly disenchantments which, shattering and darkening the empire of social ambition, transferred her interest from material pleasures and hopes to the imperturbable satisfactions of religion.

The second blow quickly followed. Only a few days after that marriage which her father thought promised so much security and consolation to his old age, the Emperor Paul, in a cruel whim, suddenly banished him from Petersburg. Retiring to Moscow, the galling sense of his disgrace, the separation from his darling daughter, together with a frigid reception by a friend on whom he had especially relied, plunged him into the deepest grief. A terrible attack of apoplexy swept him away. At the dire announcement, Madame Swetchine sunk on her knees; and, in the spiritual solitude, unable any more to lean on her father, turned with irrepressible need and effusion to God.

General Swetchine was made military commandant and governor of St. Petersburg. At the head of a splendid establishment, his young wife found herself in the highest circle of the most brilliant society in Europe; for at that time the Revolution had banished the noblest families of France, and their headquarters were in the Russian capital.

Madame Swetchine always possessed, in remarkable union, an earnest desire for action and companionship, and a strong taste for solitude and meditation. She managed her life so skilfully, that both these inclinations were largely gratified. With many of the most high-toned and accomplished persons whom she met, both of the Russian nobility and the French emigrants, she formed earnest and lasting relations of mind and heart. The most refined, pronounced, and impressive characters in St. Petersburg, between the years 1800 and 1815, were embraced in her friendships. Her leisure hours were scrupulously and eagerly devoted to self-improvement. She engaged in a wide range of literary, historic, and philosophical studies; making copious extracts from the books she read, patiently reflecting on the subjects, and setting down independent comments. The progress she made was rapid, and soon rendered her a notable woman. The volumes of the extracts and notes she made, formed at last a huge collection. It is interesting to trace in them, how naturally her mind was drawn to the highest ranges of inquiry, the most important and difficult topics, the most celebrated and stimulative works. She seems to have been interested, above all, in whatever pertains to the affections, to the intercourse of society, to the most exalted and contrasted styles of human character, to the most valuable and elusive secrets of human experience. Such quotations as the following are frequent in her earlier volumes: "To receive a visit is to run a risk." — "Conversation is an arena in which one ought to conquer by his own swiftness, never by arresting his adversary with golden apples." — "A gibbet is a flattery of the human race: from time to time, three or four persons are hung, that the rest may believe themselves honest people." — "The man most inferior to us, in general, is superior to us in some point: we should talk with him on that point." — "An expressionless face is a face deaf and dumb by birth." — "A friendship would still be young after an age: a passion is already old after three months."

One day, in the year 1800, the passionate Czar ordered General Swetchine to execute a cruel sentence on a colonel who in some way had given him offence. The general went

to the review-field; and, advancing to the condemned officer, who was already stripped even to his sash, said to him, "Resume your sword, and quit Petersburg this instant: the emperor pardons you." Then, returning to the palace, he went into the emperor's apartment, and said, "Sire, I bring you my head. I have not fulfilled your majesty's orders. The colonel is free; I have given him honor and life: have me punished in his stead." The emperor seized him by the arm, hesitated a little, and said, "You have done well; but never let this be known in Petersburg." A short time elapsed, when Paul, full of lugubrious visions and suspicions, disgraced General Swetchine by removing him from his office. But this official dismission did not entail banishment, and was followed by no loss of social caste. The general and his exemplary wife continued to live amidst their numerous friends as happily as before. The interchange of literary and philosophic ideas shared the hours in their attractive parlor with the revolutionary and re-actionary politics of the time. The profound attachments, stamped with reverence and the rarest truthfulness, which in those years united many admirable persons with Madame Swetchine, were frequently reporting themselves, under far other circumstances, in a distant land, half a century later.

On the accession of Alexander to the Russian throne, with his romantic sensibility and liberal ideas, a sense of freedom was felt; a fermentation of generous thoughts and hopes began; the whole state of things about the court underwent a change equivalent to a renewal of the atmosphere or an alteration of climate. The particular friends of the Swetchines were those most in the favor of the new sovereign. Had the general wished it, he might easily have re-entered his public career: but he was devoid of ambition; and the ardor and energy belonging to the character of his wife lavished themselves on her moral life, and were not in accord with the pomps and servitudes of official grandeur. Her only tie to the court was an unabated attachment to her former mistress, the Empress Marie, widow of Paul, who in her retirement, surrounded by a costly library, devoted herself to

serious studies and to philanthropic and religious works. The Empress Elizabeth joined her imperial mother-in-law in these tasks of piety and beneficence, — the relief of the necessitous, the patronage of educational institutions, the endowment of charitable foundations, the inspection and oversight of monastic retreats. Madame Swetchine, to whose inextinguishable thirst for aiding and loving, visits to the poor, and other positive deeds of service, were as daily bread, not only offered her prompt tribute to these acts, but soon rose from the position of simple co-operation to that of authoritative direction. When a national society was formed, during Napoleon's invasion of Russia, to relieve the sufferers by the war, she was placed at the head of it. It is obvious that the same devotedness to the good of others, struggling against bad health and a swarm of pre-occupations and solicitudes; the same rare combination of winsome ways and solid merits which lent such beauty and dignity to her maturity and her old age, — also characterized her youth, gave unity to the various periods of her existence, always clothing her with extreme interest and giving her an extraordinary influence.

Madame Swetchine had an only sister, ten years younger than herself, of whom, after the early death of their mother, she was the assiduous and loving guardian. This dear sister she never parted with, until the date of her happy marriage with the Prince Gargarin. The love and care she lavished on her orphan sister rather excited than appeased her maternal instinct; and, when it befell the general to form a strong attachment to a young girl named Nadine Staeline, she gladly joined with him in adopting her as their own. Within a few years, the Princess Gargarin had five boys, the first two of whom were the objects of Madame Swetchine's especial predilection, though she tenderly loved them all. "The whole five," she said, "are my nephews; but the first two are my own children." The sisters occupied a common residence, during the summer, on an island of the Neva. The aunt mingled in the lessons and the sports of the little troop, and watched the growth of their intelligence with a fond joy. They, in turn, confounded her with their mother, and bore

impatiently any thing that separated them from her. To gratify her passion for study, she was forced to lock herself in her room. Then the boys would gather in a mob before the door, with their noisiest playthings, and keep up the loudest possible hubbub, until they obliged her to lay aside her book and pen. Sometimes she kept inflexibly at her occupation. More frequently she opened the door; then in would burst the obstreperous and happy little army, sure of being received, not only without reproaches, but with smiles and caresses.

In 1803, the celebrated Count Joseph de Maistre was accredited from France to the Russian court. He was then about fifty, a man of pure life, rare genius, and fervent enthusiasm; familiar with the world, with the human heart, and with the loftiest ranges of sentiment and learning. His zeal for the Catholic Church was extreme. Madame Swetchine, at this time, without being at all a devotee, was a sincere member of the Greek Church. She was already familiar with the great minds of all ages and lands; and, at this particular period, was earnestly studying modern philosophical controversies, comparing the ideas of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel with those of Descartes, Pascal, and Leibnitz. Despite the difference in their points of view, and the many other contrasts between them, these two remarkable persons — the thoroughly trained master, in whom the gifts of knowledge, eloquence, faith, and finesse, were accumulated; and the meditative, earnest, consecrated young woman of twenty-one — had no sooner met than they felt the parity and harmony of their souls. They formed an exalted friendship, full of solace and happiness to them both; a friendship charged with the most important results on the destiny of the woman, since it led to her conversion from the Greek Church to the Catholic, and gave a deep religious inspiration and stamp to her entire subsequent life. Such minds have a thousand lofty topics of common interest to talk of; and they frequently visited each other, exchanging thoughts with ever-deepening confidence and esteem. "The cold countenance of the Count de Maistre," Madame Swetchine writes to her

dearest female friend, "conceals a soul of profound sensibility. Without praising me, he often says pleasing things to me." At another time, she humorously writes to the same friend: "The Princess Alexis and I have been to spend an evening at the house of the Count de Maistre. From deference to the duties of hospitality, he would not suffer himself a single moment of sleep. He rose with the palm of victory out of this terrible struggle of nature and politeness; but who can tell at what a cost?" She said that great griefs had purified his ambition, and lent a strange interest to him, elevating and aggrandizing his character. He set an extreme value on her friendship; and wrote to her, that he should never spare any pains to preserve in its integrity what he felt was an infinite honor to him. He wrote to his friend, the Viscount de Bonald, that he had never seen so much moral strength, talent, and culture, joined with so much sweetness of disposition, as in Madame Swetchine. On their separation, by a residence in different countries, De Maistre gave her a magnificent portrait of himself, on the frame of which he had written four verses, adjuring the happy image, in answer to the call of awaiting friendship, to fly and take its place where the original would so gladly be. This portrait she kept prominently hung in her parlor as long as she lived. In one of his letters to her, he writes: "My thought will always go out to seek you: my heart will always feel the worth of yours." The memory of this first great friend continued to hover over her life to the end. In her last days, generously offended by what she thought the unjust strokes in the portraiture of De Maistre, presented by Lamartine in his "Confidences," she took up her pen in refutation, and wielded it with telling effect. This eloquent vindication of her old friend, when he had been dead nearly forty years, was one of her latest acts, and truly characteristic of her tenacious fidelity of affection.

The enthusiasm shown by the Count de Maistre for the Roman Catholic Church awakened a deep interest in Madame Swetchine. This interest was greatly enhanced by the admirable examples of piety and charity set before her in the

lives of several of the French exiles in St. Petersburg, with whom she had contracted friendships. Especially was she impressed and attracted by the amiable virtues of the Princess de Tarente, the devout elevation of her character, and the triumphant sanctity of her death. The minute rule of spiritual life used by this pious woman, prepared for her by the Bishop of Boulogne, Madame Swetchine copied in a little book, for her own edification. Her ardent friend, the Princess Alexis Galitzin, who had already become a Catholic, composed a prayer, supplicating the same grace for her; and repeated this prayer daily for five years. Under these circumstances, and also impelled by strong inner movements, Madame Swetchine at length resolved to make a deliberate examination of the claims of the Roman Church, and to come to a settled conclusion. Providing herself with an appropriate library, accompanied only by her adopted daughter Nadine, in the summer of 1815, she withdrew to a lonely and picturesque estate, situated on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Here, through the days and nights of six months, she plunged into the most laborious researches, historical and argumentative. The result was, that she became convinced of the apostolic authority of the Roman primacy; and, repudiating the schismatic Greek Church, avowed herself a Catholic. Soon after this conversion, the Jesuits were ordered to leave Russia. Indignant at an order which she regarded as so unjust, she openly identified herself with the cause of these calumniated and proscribed missionaries. The machinations of the political enemies of General Swetchine, at this time, had made his situation disagreeable to him; and, when he saw those enemies gaining credit, his pride took offence, and he determined to leave the country. Madame Swetchine's passion for travel and observation combined with her new religious faith to make this removal less unwelcome than it would otherwise have been.

The close of the year 1816 found her established in Paris, where, with the exceptions of a year in Russia and a couple of years in Italy, she was to reside until her death. The Bourbon nobility, now recalled to France and reinstated in

power, repaid the generous kindness she had shown them in St. Petersburg, by giving her a hearty welcome and lavishing attentions and affection on her. Her deep interest in charitable institutions soon brought her into intimate and most cordial relations with De Gérando. Baron Humboldt and the Count Pozzo di Borgo, among the earliest to become her friends, were assiduous visitors at her house; and, in the salon of the brilliant Duchess de Duras, where she was quickly appreciated and made to feel at home, she became acquainted with the most interesting and commanding minds of France at that time, — such as Chateaubriand, Rémusat, Cuvier, Montmorency, Villemain, Barante. These persons have all testified in turn to the great impression her character made on them. The Duchess de Duras one day invited Madame Swetchine to meet Madame de Staël at a small and select dinner-party. Madame Swetchine, always modest, scarcely broke silence during the repast, timidly lifting her eyes upon the illustrious woman set face to face with her. When the dinner was ended, Madame de Staël advanced towards her, and said, "They have told me that you desired to make my acquaintance: have they deceived me?" — "Certainly not, madame; but it is always the king who speaks first."

The salon which Madame Swetchine opened in the Rue Saint-Dominique was one of the powers of Paris for over forty years. Here she drew around her all that was most select, most distinguished, most exalted, in Catholic France; and subdued all by the holy dignity of her character, the authority of her wisdom, the sweetness of her spirit, and the charm of her manners. In the homage she inspired, the favors she distributed, and the tributes she received, she was truly a queen. Her days were divided into parts, observed with strict uniformity. She reserved the morning to herself, hearing mass and visiting the poor until eight o'clock, then returning home and closing her door until three. From three to six she received company; secluded herself from six to nine; and welcomed her friends again from nine until midnight. Her salon, if not so famous, soon became as in-

fluential and fascinating to its frequenters as that of Madame Récamier. Unlike as they were, they have often been compared. The Récamier salon, with its slightly intoxicating perfume of elegance, was infinitely more easy, more agreeable; the Swetchine salon, with its bracing atmosphere of sanctity, was more earnest, more religious. Though personal nobleness was honored in both, polished fashion predominated in one, devout principle in the other. The presiding genius of the former was the perfection of the best spirit of the world; the presiding genius of the latter was the perfection of the best spirit of the Catholic Church. The guests of Madame Récamier went to the Abbaye-au-Bois to please and to be pleased, to exchange eloquent thoughts, breathe chivalrous sentiments, and enjoy an exquisite grace of politeness never surpassed. The guests of Madame Swetchine went to the Rue Saint-Dominique to take counsel on the affairs of the higher politics, the interests of the nation, and the welfare of the Church; to enjoy a community of faith and aspiration, to refresh their best purposes, and learn how more effectively to serve the great ends to which they were pledged. There, liberty of opinion and speech was unlimited, and a refined complacency aimed at; here, loyalty to certain foregone principles and institutions was expected, and a tacit spiritual direction maintained: but in both were found the same delightful moderation and repose and gracious forbearance, the same reconciling skill, and indescribable art of ruling and leading while appearing to obey and follow.

These illustrious women were perhaps equal in the interest they awakened, and the sway they exercised over their friends; but there was a great difference in the secret of the charm they severally possessed. There is nothing more disagreeable in a companion than pre-occupation, if it be pre-occupation with self; nothing more fascinating, if it be pre-occupation with you, or with something of universal authority and attraction. The spell of Madame Récamier lay in her irresistible personal beauty, grace, and graciousness; that of Madame Swetchine, in her unquestionable greatness and goodness and simplicity. Each was marvellously self-detached and kind

to everybody. But Madame Récamier was an unoccupied mirror, ready to reflect upon you what you brought before it; Madame Swetchine, a mirror pre-occupied with the lovely and authoritative forms of virtue, wisdom, and piety. The former personally enchanted and captivated all; the latter caused all to bow with herself before a common sovereignty. The one was the fairest model of nature; the other, a representative of supernatural realities.

It is extremely interesting to trace the effect of these remarkable personalities on each other. When Madame Swetchine visited Rome, at the age of forty-two, her mind was somewhat imbued with prejudices against Madame Récamier, whom she had never seen, and who was then tarrying there. Madame Récamier was forty-seven years old, with a reputation unsullied by a breath, and a beauty which was remarkable even twenty years afterwards. The manner in which Madame Swetchine speaks of her, in a letter to Madame de Montcalm, forms the least satisfactory passage we remember in all her correspondence: —

"Madame Récamier seems sincerely to prefer a secluded life. It is fortunate, her beauty and celebrity being on the decline: ruins make little sensation in a country of ruins. It seems that to be drawn to her one must know her more; and, after such brilliant successes, certainly nothing can be more flattering than to reckon almost as many friends as formerly lovers. Perhaps, however, — not that I would detract from her merit, — had she but once loved, the number would have been sensibly diminished."

It is charming to see, in the rich, eloquent letter which Madame Swetchine wrote to Madame Récamier, soon after their first interview, how quickly these prejudices were dispelled on personal contact, and replaced by an earnest attachment: —

"I have yielded to the penetrating, indefinable charm with which you enthrall even those for whom you do not yourself care. It seems as if we had passed a long time together, and had many memories in common. This would be inexplicable, did not certain sentiments have a little of eternity in them. One should say, that, when souls

touch, they put off all the poor conditions of earth; and, happier and freer, already obey the laws of a better world."

The reciprocation of this interest is shown by the fact, that Madame Récamier urgently besought Madame Swetchine to make her residence in the same house with her, the Abbaye-au-Bois; which she would probably have done, had it not been for the objections of General Swetchine.

The open secret of the wonderful influence Madame Swetchine exerted on all who came in contact with her, of the extreme reverence and love with which they all regarded her, was, therefore, the imcomparable power, sincerity, generosity, and gentleness of her character. But to appreciate this truth, and learn the lesson it conveys, we must analyze the case more in detail. The distinguished friend who has written her life says: —

"The most remarkable peculiarity of the character of Madame Swetchine was, that all the qualities, all the virtues, and all the powers were distributed in perfect harmony. She was in the same degree enthusiastic and sensible, because her reason was equal to her imagination: she thought as deeply as she felt. However often a man in mind, she always remained a woman in heart; and her personal abnegation was neither feigned nor studied. As exempt from envy as from ambition, she lived first in others, then in public works; only thought of herself after being occupied with everybody else; and, great as was her dislike of egotism, never needed to rebuke it, because she found such a rich joy in the opposite sentiment. Her disinterestedness reconciled others to her superiority."

Her faith stood so firm in the whirlwind of opinions, that she needed not to bolster it by bigotry. To the friends who once murmured against her too great tolerance, she replied, "Of what use is it to live, if one is never to hear any thing but his own voice?" Her compassion and her patience were unconquerable. Nothing could draw from her the slightest sign of vexation or weariness. One of her constant visitors, for fifteen years, was a woman universally detested for her outrageous temper and her bad manners. The announcement of her name was the signal of dismay and dispersion. But the saintly hostess invariably gave her an affectionate recep-

tion; and to all the attempts made to induce her to cast off the obnoxious guest, she said, with a smile, "What do you wish? All the world avoids her; she is unhappy, and she has only me." This woman died of old age; and, during her last days, Madame Swetchine went often to see her, and passed long hours beside her death-bed.

The face of Madame Swetchine, without being handsome, was remarkably expressive; and the inflections of her singularly rich and strong voice were exactly modulated to every thought and feeling of her soul. Destitute of egotism herself, she showed an invariable tolerance for the egotisms of others, and her management of them was a marvel of magnanimous considerateness and soothing skill. Ardent in study, profound in experience, modest in thought, expansive and gay in friendly intercourse, collected and grave in meditation, exquisite in her perception of artistic beauty and fitness, naturally on a level with every thing lofty, unaffectedly condescending to the timid and humble, tenderly affectionate towards the poor, the afflicted, and the penitent, — no wonder her word was valued, her taste consulted, her advice besought, her friendship reckoned an invaluable boon. Nothing gave her greater attractiveness to her friends than the combination in her of absolute unexactingness for herself, and the most delicate and unfailing regard for their feelings and interests. The unrestrained frankness of her affection, the intimate confidences she imparted, the noble grounds she assumed to be common to them and her, the tender compliments she was ever paying them with all the skill of a sincere heart, were irresistible. She writes to the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld: "Reply to all my inquiries; especially speak to me of yourself. I long to be relieved from the punishment of your reserve." Some persons would deal with souls as carelessly as if they were pieces of mechanism; handle hearts as they would handle groceries. Madame Swetchine was unable to contemplate without awe, treat without scrupulous delicacy, a human spirit seeking to open and show itself to her as it was in the eyes of God.

In addition to all this, she had an amazing knowledge of

the mysteries of human nature, the experience of human life. She said she had traversed the whole circle of passions and affections, and was a true doctor of that law. "Reading in my own heart, I have learned to understand the hearts of others: the single knowledge of myself has given me the key of those innumerable enigmas called men." She avowed herself an instinctive disciple of Lavater, and said, "The expression of the face is the accent of the figure." Her biographer says that her insight amounted almost to divination. A word, a gesture, a look, a silence, hardly noticed by others, was to her a complete revelation. She had the science of souls, as physicists have the science of bodies. While the ordinary man sees in a plant merely its color or its outline, the botanist discerns, at first sight, all its specific attributes. Such was the power of Madame Swetchine: one lineament, one trait, enabled her to recognize and reconstruct a whole character. There is no luxury greater than that of unveiling our inmost souls where we are sure of meeting a superior intelligence, invincible charity, generous sympathy, and needed support and guidance. All this was certain to be found in Madame Swetchine. She had no rivalry, no envy, no desire to eclipse any one, no bigotry or asperity; and the aged, the mature, and the youthful alike came with grateful pleasure under her empire. Women, usually little accessible to the influence of another woman, were full of trust and docility towards her. Loving solitude, plunging into metaphysics as into a bath, she yet took great delight in the beauty, freshness, playfulness, and hopes of girls just entering society. Her taste in every thing belonging to the toilette was known to be fine and sure: they loved, when in full dress for company, to pass under her eyes; and she deeply enjoyed admiring and praising them, at the same time pointing out any thing ill-judged or excessive. Not unfrequently, the same ones, who in the evening in their glittering array had paused on their way to the ball, would return in the morning and sit with her *tête-à-tête*, in communion on far other and graver matters. Sick and erring hearts showed themselves to her in utter sincerity, while, with unwearied sympathy and adroit

wisdom, she poured on them drop by drop the light, the truth, the life, they needed. No one can tell to how many she was a spiritual mother, her direction all the more welcome and efficacious that she was not a director by profession, but by instinctive charity and constitutional fitness.

Madame Swetchine enjoyed friendships of extraordinary strength and preciousness with the Countess de Nesselrode, the Princess Galitzin, the Countess de Vireu, Madame de Saint Aulaire, the Duchess de Duras, the Marchioness de Lillers, Madame Craven, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, and many other women of noble natures and rich interior lives. The record of their intercourse is an imperial banquet for the mind and heart of the reader. The study of it must make ordinary women sigh for envy and shame over their own cold relations, outward ambition, sterile experience, and suspicious caution. Madame Swetchine writes: "I have long made over all my invested capital to the account of those I love: their welfare, their hopes, are the income on which I live." The Duchess de Duras writes to her: "I love you more than I should have believed it ever would be possible for me to love, after what I have experienced. I believe in you, I who have become so suspicious. I rely on you with entire security, whatever happens." Again she writes, when her friend is absent in Russia: "I miss you every moment. Return, return. Your chamber is ready, and that of Nadine. Come, come, dear friend: life is so short, why lose it thus?" Madame Swetchine held such a high place in the esteem of her friends, because she was so serene, so wise, so steadfast, so kind, so pure, that she soothed and strengthened all who came near her. One of her friends expresses this in saying to her, "No society pleases and agrees with me like yours." She always acted on her own aphorism, "To bear faults, to manage egotisms, is an aim perhaps best accomplished by a skilful dissimulation; but the true ideal is to correct faults and to cure self-love."

But the best example, in a relation with one of her own sex, of that sentiment of friendship which was such a profound need of Madame Swetchine's nature, and which she

experienced so profusely, was her connection with Roxandre Stourdza, a Greek maiden of great beauty and genius, born at Constantinople. Originally brought together at court, when the latter was maid of honor to the Empress Elizabeth, they formed an enthusiastic attachment, which largely constituted the richness, consolation, and joy of their lives, for half a century. The monument of it preserved in their correspondence possesses extreme interest and value, and must secure for it a prominent place among the few historic friendships of women. The oriental Roxandre was the object of an admiration truly romantic from her friend, who seemed always to see her seated on an ideal throne, and to address her as some queen of Trebizond. Sainte-Beuve says, the refined and exalted affection between these two young persons, living in the artificial world of the Russian court, and each throwing back, in her own way, the mystic influences derived from the sky of Alexandria, affects him as the exciting perfume exhaled by two rare plants nourished in a hot-house. It is unimaginable what lofty, exquisite, and mysterious sentiments they exchange. Their naked souls and minds, with all their workings, are visible in these ingenuous and crowded letters, as in a glass hive we can study the industry of bees. Sainte-Beuve affirms, that the later difference in their religion, the Countess Edling always remaining in the Greek communion, Madame Swetchine becoming a zealous Catholic, finally made ice between them; and that, when the countess came to Paris to visit her old friend, she complained of finding coldness and reserve. Probably there was something in this, but not much. The friendship will be best revealed by citing, from the parties themselves, some of its characteristic expressions.

The letters of Roxandre have not been published; but, in those of Sophie, both souls are clearly reflected. For, as M. de Falloux says, Madame Swetchine never used hackneyed language, never repeated for one what she had first thought for another. She placed herself, with a skill, or rather a condescension, truly marvellous, at the point of view of those with whom she conversed; and she would never have so easily ended by bringing them to herself, had she not always

begun by going to them. This habit was so familiar, this movement so natural to her, that, at the close of every correspondence, we have before our eyes the physiognomy of the correspondent as distinctly outlined as the physiognomy of the writer: —

"Did you believe me, my dear Roxandre, when I mechanically said on leaving you, that I should write to you only after five or six days? I knew not what I said at the time. If you begin to know me a little, you have seen that I could never bear so long a silence. La Bruyère has said, 'How difficult it is to be satisfied with any one!' Ah! well, my friend, I am satisfied with you; and, were it not for my extreme self-distrust which nourishes so many inquietudes, I should be almost tranquil, almost happy, almost reasonable. My friend, this moment I receive your letter: how can I thank you? Ah! read my grateful heart; and sometimes tell me, that you wish to keep it in order that it may become worthy of you." — "I feel so deeply the happiness of being loved by you, that you can never cease to love me." — "I need to know all your thoughts, to follow all your motions, and can find no other occupation so sweet and so dear." — "My heart is so full of you, that, since we parted, I have thought of nothing but writing to you." — "I see in your soul as if it were my own." — "Dear Roxandre, you are every way a privileged being: you unite the advantages of the most opposed characters without any of their inconveniences." — "My attachment for you will without doubt be a consolation; but that word, when not unmeaning, is so sad that I desire my friendship to fulfil higher offices. I often envy characters whose impressions are slight and transient. The sponge passes across the slate, and nothing is left. Perhaps such a nature best agrees with man, whose pleasures are for a moment, his pains for a life. Adieu, my friend! How many times already that word has filled my heart with grief! Take good care of yourself, hasten to God; and, when the struggle is too severe, beseech grace instead of combating." — "It seems to me that souls seek each other in the chaos of this world, like elements of the same nature tending to re-unite. They touch, they feel themselves tallied; confidence is established without an assignable cause. Reason and reflection following, and fixing the seal of their approval on the union, think they have done it all, as subaltern ministers regard the transactions of their masters nothing until they have been permitted to sign their names at the bottom. I fear no misunderstanding with you; and my gratitude alone can equal the perfect security with which you inspire me." —

"When near you, I breathe the atmosphere of calmness and depth which agrees with me: although I have not the rages of king Saul, there is in the sound of your voice something, I know not what, that reminds me of the effect of the harp of David." — "Never was there a goodness more compassionate and penetrating than yours. Yours are the words that seek pain at the bottom of the soul in order to soothe it. How well you possess that divine dexterity which applies balm to wounds almost without touching them!" — "My friend, I have met nothing sweeter, more consoling to love, than you. The admirable simplicity of your character, its steadiness, its frankness, have a charm which more than attracts: it fixes." — "We must carry untouched to the gates of eternity the deposit each has confided to the other."

The above extracts give some idea of the warmth and preciousness of the surpassing friendship, but no idea of the high and varied range of intellectual and religious interests that entered into it. "I always," Madame Swetchine writes, "have your little ring on my finger. This symbol, fragile as all symbols, will outlive me; but I grieve not for that, since I am sure that the sentiment which makes me prize it so highly will survive it in turn." The two friends often indulged the sweet dream of passing their last years together, preparing each other for the passage equally dreaded and desired, advancing arm in arm and heart in heart towards the unknown. The dream was not destined for fulfilment. But Madame Swetchine had the great joy of seeing her favorite nephew — one of the Gargarin boys she loved so fondly in their childhood — married to Marie Stourdza, the niece and sole heiress of her friend. The only words we have seen from Roxandre herself are worthy of the eulogies paid her, and would seem to justify the highest estimate of her character. They are these: "May we all contribute, by our life and our death, to the great thought of God, the re-establishment of order and of truth among men!"

Among the wretched children of misfortune loved and aided by the saintly charity of Madame Swetchine, she was especially drawn to the solacement of deaf mutes. She keenly felt the sadness and danger consequent on this cruel infirmity. She took, as her own maid, a poor deaf mute named Parisse, whose

temper was so bad that she was scarcely tolerated by any one. She found a charm in taking her walks with this still companion, to whom it was not necessary to speak, and who was not humiliated in keeping silence. "With Parisse," she said, "I can believe myself alone, and have a needed arm to support me, and an aid which does not encroach on my liberty." Thus she loved to appear the obliged party rather than the benefactress. The haughty and quarrelsome Parisse often put on the grand airs of an outraged queen. When the other servants were battling with her, Madame Swetchine would go among them and say, "I love you all, but know that every one shall go before Parisse: she is the most unfortunate, and much should be excused in her." After enduring almost every thing, she succeeded, by her imperturbable sweetness and firmness, in winning the poor girl to a peaceful and amiable behavior. Parisse worshipped her mistress, and had the joy one day of being represented behind her in the likeness engraved by a celebrated artist. They became really attached friends. Is it not touchingly instructive thus to trace the religious ascent of the soul of this noble woman in her friendships, as they successively stoop from the Czarina Marie, to the deaf mute Parisse?

The relations of Madame Swetchine with men furnish as choice an example as those with women. She formed, with a large number of men of rare excellence and accomplishments, ardent and lasting attachments, which were the greatest comfort to herself, and administered invaluable inspiration and happiness to them. Among these, particular mention should be made of her confessor, the pious and venerable Abbé Desjardins; her brother-in-law, Father Gargarin; Moreau; Turquety; Montalembert; and, at a later date, De Tocqueville, who writes to her, "The friendship of such as you are, imposes obligations." She was one of those few natures able to forget themselves, take an enthusiastic interest in others, and devote unwearied pains to further their interests, sympathize and aid in their pursuits, calm, refine, enrich, and bless their souls. She sustained the ideal standards, and raised the self-respect, of every one who enjoyed the honor of her re-

gard. Accordingly, no noble man could be intimate with her without grateful and affectionate veneration. M. de Maistre said of her, "More loyalty, intellect, and learning were never seen joined to so much goodness." The Viscount de Bonald said, "She is a friend worthy of you; and one of the best heads I have ever met, effect or cause of the most excellent qualities of the heart with which a mortal can be endowed." The poet Turquety sent her an exquisite poem, descriptive of herself and of his feelings towards her. She wrote in reply, "Before thanking you, I have thanked God for giving your heart such an impression of me, unworthy of it as I am. The illusion which arises from affection is another grace, I had almost said another virtue. Your accent has a persuasive sincerity; and faith, when it is vivid, believes in miracles." And then she thus delicately indicates her objection to the publication of the verses: "I condemn this charming flower to enchant only my solitude; but this is the better to gather its fragrance, and it will survive me."

An invaluable friendship also existed between Madame Swetchine and Alexander the Emperor of Russia, one of the most interesting and romantic characters of modern time, of whom she said to Roxandre Stourdza, "Already above other men by his glory, by the influence of religion he will be above himself." When the famous mystical Madame de Krüdener appealed to him, in the name of virtue and of religion, to be true to his own better nature, he burst into tears, and hid his face in his hands. As she paused apologetically, he exclaimed, "Speak on, speak on: your voice is music to my soul." She obtained a great and holy influence over him. He had likewise an enthusiastic attachment for Napoleon, and he called them respectively his *white angel* and his *black angel.* His sensibility to all generous sentiments, all thoughts of poetic height and richness, was extraordinarily tender and expansive. He was often known in the overwhelming re-action of his emotions, convulsed with tears, to leap into his carriage alone, and drive out into the solitary country or forest. Such were the exalted traits of his character and his many beautiful deeds, that Madame

Swetchine felt her natural relations of duty and submission transmuted into those of vivid admiration and devotion. "I fully sympathize," she writes to her earliest bosom-friend, "with the vivacity of your admiration for our dear emperor. What a happiness to be able to eulogize with truth! Let us hope we are in the aurora of a most beautiful day for Russia. How pleased I am at having always seen in his soul that which this day shows itself with a glory so fair and so pure! He is a true hero of humanity. He seems in his conduct to realize all my dreams of moral dignity; and I find, at last, in this union of religious sentiments and liberal ideas, the long-sought resemblance of the type I carry in my mind, and which has hitherto been qualified as fantastic, — the creation of a too sanguine imagination. In him we see, that, even on the throne, in the wild tumult of all interests, of all passions, one can remain man, Christian, philosopher; pursue the wisest and most generous plans; and carry into his actions every thing that is beautiful, from the highest justice to the most touching modesty."

Alexander testified his respect and regret, when Madame Swetchine departed to reside in Paris, by asking her to be his correspondent. The correspondence was continued until his death, ten years afterwards. The Emperor Nicholas, on his accession, restored to Madame Swetchine all her letters; and she allowed an eminent statesman, in 1845, to read the whole collection. After her death, no trace of it was to be found among her papers. It must possess an intense interest; and it is to be hoped that it still exists, and may yet one day see the light.

Perhaps the most intimate and truly devoted of all the friends of Madame Swetchine was that accomplished member of the French Academy whose biographic and editorial labors have erected such an attractive and perdurable monument to her memory, the Count Alfred de Falloux. The soul of reverence, gratitude, and love exhales in his sentences when he writes of her. After describing what "she was to all who had the inexpressible happiness of knowing her," he adds, "and this she will now be to all who shall read her;

and death will but give to her words one consecration more." But the modesty of M. de Falloux has not given the public her letters to him, and has kept his personal relations with her much in the background. We are left to guess what the measure and the activity of their friendship were from indirect indications.

On the whole, — possibly because of the editor's reticence as to himself, — we are left to believe, that the one chief friend who held the pre-eminent place in the heart of Madame Swetchine, during the last twenty-five years of her life, was Father Lacordaire, the illustrious Catholic preacher. A complete picture of this wise, pure, ardent, and unfaltering friendship is shown in the letters of the two parties, gathered in an octavo volume of nearly six hundred pages. We know not, in all the annals of human affection, where to find the account of a friendship between a man and a woman more spotless, more blessed, more morally satisfying, than this. The volume which preserves and exhibits it will be found by all who are duly interested in the psychology and experience of persons so extraordinary, both for their genius and power in society, and for the quantity and quality of their inner life, — full, not less of solid instruction than of romantic interest. The inner life of Madame Swetchine was a sacred epic; the outer career of Lacordaire, an electrifying drama. This double interest of a private, spiritual ascent, and of a chivalrous gallantry in the thick of battle, is clearly unfolded in the book before us. It would be grateful to our feelings, useful for our readers, to dwell on this part of our subject through many pages; but the narrowing space compels us to hurry to a close.

Madame Swetchine was endowed from birth with the material, the physiological conditions, for a great and original character, — force competent to the finest and the grandest things, with an over-bias of that force to the brain. For long periods, she was compelled to walk in her chamber from seven to eight hours a day, to avoid intolerable nervous pressures and pains. At sixty-six, she wrote to one of her friends, "My interior life sterilizes itself by reason of superabundance; the too great fulness causes an incessant restlessness. I cannot

give body to the multitude of confused ideas which crowd each other, interweave, and suffocate me for want of articulation." This profuse force, which continued throughout her life, enabled her to achieve an amount of work, and acquire a wealth of knowledge and wisdom, truly astonishing. Her youthful education, with the many difficult accomplishments she mastered, was the first resource for the occupation of her teeming energy. The second was the discharge of her domestic and public duties, with as much discretion and skill as if her sole ambition were to be a faultless housekeeper and member of the social order. The third was friendship, to whose genial duties of visiting and correspondence she devoted herself with a fulness and an ardor as passionate as they were genuine. And yet there remained a surplusage of unappropriated soul, whose vague and constant action distressed her. She entered on an extensive study of literature, history, psychology, and philosophy. Her biographer says, that scarcely an important work on these subjects appeared in Europe for fifty years with whose contents she did not familiarize herself, pen in hand. She interspersed these arduous labors by a systematic application to philanthropic works, personally visiting the sick and the poor, and ministering to their wants. And still her force was unexhausted: she had more faculty and strength longing to be used, and disturbing her with mysterious solicitations; a solitary activity, without aliment; a wheel for ever revolving in a void; a burning ardor, which, in the absence of sufficing affections below, turned upward, and became a subtile mysticism. When practical duty, friendship, literature, philosophy, and charitable deeds had failed to absorb and satisfy her, plainly there was but one resource left,— religion. She entered on the path to God and his fellowship, the sublime way of the life of perfection. She entered on it with an extraordinary capacity for ascending through the various degrees of perception, feeling, and transfusion; and, at the same time, with a power of rational poise which kept her experience of piety from the two extremes of mawkishness and delirium. Such balancing good sense and sobriety, such freedom from every thing morbid or *bizarre*,

combined with so much thoroughness of faith and so much fervor and abandon, we know not where else to find. Some hearts open downward, and send their exciting drench through the body; hers opened upward, and sent its pure vapor aloft into the mind to wear celestial colors. Her head was a higher heart, playing off intelligence and affection transmuted into each other.

The greatness of Madame Swetchine is shown by the just gradations of her loyalty and devotion to the ascending scale of human interests, the enlarging standards of good and authority. With her, the rank of a motive for determining her conduct depended on the breadth and height of the moral principles represented, and not on the personal closeness of the consequences involved. Among the claims to her love and service, self-regard stood lowest in the estimate of her conscience; regard for family and friends, higher; for the nation, higher yet; for universal truth and right, highest of all. That which merely concerned her own gratification she considered least entitled to command; that which concerned all humanity, or symbolized God, was clothed with supreme sovereignty in her sight. This is the true order of grandeur in character: those in whom exclusively personal motives are strongest, are the basest men; those in whom disinterested motives are strongest, — motives graduated in power by the elevation of the intrinsic authority represented, or the extent of the good and evil implicated, — are the noblest men. This is the reason why Madame Swetchine, although a stranger to party spirit or sectarian narrowness, abhorring the yokes of coteries, yet always felt so zealous an interest in the social phenomena of the time, in the leading literature, in the institutions and rulers of the State, in the fortunes of the Church, in the eternal truths of philosophy and religion. Her letter to De Tocqueville, on the intelligent interest women ought to take in the politics of their country, is a paper most masterly in thought and expression. We wish every cultivated woman in America would read this impressive statement of the case, ponder its reasoning, and imbibe its moral tone.

In the charming treatise on "Old Age," from the pen of

Madame Swetchine, — a piece of serene poetry and impassioned wisdom, — a critic complains that she rather transfigures the subject than shows it. But, however much she may have transfigured it in description, in person and experience she has shown it in the most beautiful form of truth of which it is susceptible. Year by year, to the very end, she became ever wiser, calmer, more influential, more honored and beloved, more saintly and content. Her religious abnegation grew perfect; her peace deepened; her active benevolence broadened; her spirit, always genially tolerant, acquired a mellower ripeness. In relation to one of her acquaintances, she says, "The last time I saw him, I was struck by a kind of rigidity, of bitterness, a want of charity in his judgments which injured their justice; for the more I see, the more I am convinced that we must love in order to know." The detestable Rochefoucauld said, "Old age is the hell of women." For Madame Swetchine it had much more of paradise, as the rich ardor and impetuosity of her youth slowly moderated, and, by judicious oversight, she trained her powers into harmony among themselves and submission to God. In her earlier years, she was so eager and restless, so avid of knowing and seeing, that she said she would have been delighted to start for India, with no other aim than that of gratifying an insatiable curiosity. In her later years, with a quiet strength of aspiration, she pursued that journey to perfection on whose way, as she said, noble and useful actions are the refreshments, reason the guide, self-contentment the comrade and the goal. So unwearied was her inspection of the capacities and exposures of her own character, so strict and varied her discipline and culture, that she committed the singular error, at last, of believing that she originally had little force of character, and that nearly all she possessed was acquired. Her persevering toil for perfection was no morbid waste of time and energy in an endless puttering over herself, or in sentimental extravagances: it was a rational and conscientious study to outgrow defects, tone down excesses, and improve excellences. Her piety was an assimilating principle, and no exhaling vapor. Early learning that for true and enduring peace we must

overcome all weak compassions for ourselves, and subordinate the desire for sympathy, and the taste for esteem and admiration, she set herself at the task with all the resources of heroic genius. She knew how important it is to avoid "the envious poverty of an exclusive love;" and that "whatever purifies a sentiment, strengthens it." She acquired the rare habit of not allowing her judgments of others to be influenced by their opinions of her. Her definition of heaven became, "To love in peace;" and the habitual impulse of her soul was to lose cares and fears and desires in a sense of the omnipresent God, and an absolute surrender to his providence. Long before, she had said that the saddest of all sights was that of an aged woman deprived of the consideration and respect belonging to a serious life. Now she could say of herself, "I have deserved most of the disappointments I have experienced; yet God has softened them, as if he meant them not for penalties, but trials. Benevolence surrounds me; my need of esteem is satisfied; I have known the most distinguished people; my heart has been fortunate in friendship. Self-detached, in a calm and sweet tranquillity, I need no more to close my course with courage." She was not one of those who never speak of themselves because they are always thinking of themselves. De Tocqueville, after receiving an epistle from her, wrote back, with grateful delight in her frank and honoring confidence, "Your letter is a full-length portrait of yourself." In fact, she always spoke of herself with the utmost freedom, because she looked at herself from without as she would at any other object. Her last years were a fine illustration of her own thought, "Old age is the majestic and imposing dome of human life."

The death of this memorable woman, touchingly described by Falloux in a letter to Montalembert written at the time, was worthy of what had gone before it, of the preparations she had made for it, of the glorious destiny to which she believed it was the entrance. That "we are to seek God, not deludedly wait for him to seek us," was not more the maxim of her pen than of her practice. "I speak to others; but with whom do I converse, if it be not, O my God! with thee?"

To one of the group of tearful and venerating friends standing around her, she said, "Do not, my good friend, ask for me one day more, or one pang less." Without any decay of her faculties or waning of her moral force, bearing her sufferings with invincible patience and sweetness, maintaining a dignity of thought and speech comparable with that of the last conversation of Socrates, but with the triumph of a perfect Christian faith, — she dropped what was mortal, and passed immortally into the bosom of God. It was in September, 1857, and she was seventy-five years young. The great, dazzling, guilty Paris has loosed no purer or richer spirit for the skies. Her dust hallows the cemetery of Montmartre, where, in the coming days, many a pilgrim will go to look on her monument.

But her true monument is in those transcripts of her soul contained in the papers and letters which her friends have collected, with the pious wish to honor her memory by transmitting her influence. Her literary works — exclusive of the voluminous letters — consist of detached thoughts, fragmentary essays on numerous subjects, more finished essays on the Catholic Church, Christianity, Old Age, Resignation. The last-named essay in especial is an exquisite masterpiece. She defines Christian resignation by its proper attributes, distinguishes it from the fatalism of the Moslem and from the quietism of the Hindoo, and follows it into the most diversified and delicate applications. These works have passed through so many editions in France, that a chapel has been built from the proceeds of the sale. And they are worthy of the circulation and celebrity they are gaining. They are alike precious on the three levels of instruction, edification, and inspiration. For the co-ordinated completeness of endowments and acquirements, the moral breadth and religious sanctity of character and experience, which they reveal and tend to impart, they rank with the best works in the literature of the world. We are happy to know that one of our countrywomen is engaged in translating the first two volumes named at the head of our article, and that they will be published in a few months. We invoke for them the welcome and the diffusion they deserve.

In the meantime, while well aware that the religious views and habit of Madame Swetchine, as a zealous Catholic, are open to much deprecating criticism from the Protestant standpoint, we have ourselves no heart for faultfinding in her presence. Her place, Mazade says, is not in the full day, but in a retired chapel, where, in an alabaster lamp, burns a little flame perpetually agitated, image of her soul, and whither her friends will go to pay their homage. We will only ask attention, in close, to a brief selection of her aphorisms, as a specimen of her mental and moral quality: —

"Chance is the incognito of God. We respect ourselves too little, trust ourselves too much. Friendships plastered together by interest soon fall in ruins. The choicest of the public are not often the public choice. We must fight for eternity with the weapons of time. The hand of God is visible in human affairs, but it flings a shadow which hides what it does. Our need is concentration; our danger, evaporation. The charms of youth decay many years before the hopes they nourished. When we are old, it is yet the old that we please the least. What is Christian perseverance? Constant progress. The sight of magnanimity, like the taste of wine, is either exhilarating or stupefying. What is resignation? To put God between grief and self. How difficult for pure souls is purity! a little pollen spoils the whiteness of the lily. One is often a prophet for others because first a historian for himself. Who has ceased to enjoy the superiority of his friend has ceased to love him. We forgive too little, forget too much. It is by the appeasement of the soul that we judge of our union with God. It is time which is the weariness of those who feel and who love; eternity is their refuge."

Art. V. — JOHN PIERPONT.

Of the working generation of New-England men and women, it was only the older and graver half who quite felt, the other day, what manner of man had gone from the earth when John Pierpont died. For though he himself was a faithful and untiring worker till the day of his death, yet it

was twenty years and more since that chapter of his life was finished which contained the record of his prime, — the burden and heat of his busy day. And, in twenty years, the generation of his contemporaries, of those who helped and those who hindered, of those who loved and those who hated, has for the most part laid by the harness of the battle, and bequeathed its labors, struggles, defeats, triumphs, and rewards, to its children, of whom the greater part may be supposed to be too busy in the thick of the everlasting fight to spend much time in looking back on its old heroes, or in preserving the old fames. The Boston of to-day is a new city, and hardly knows how much of its literary culture it owes to the author of the "American First Class-Book," or how much of its radicalism to the vigor of Hollis-street pulpit. So, although the name of John Pierpont is still a familiar sound to all intelligent Americans, and the remembrance of that stately form is still fresh in the communities with whom he lived and labored, yet the familiarity has for many years been that of memory, and of a memory already growing shadowy and dim.

It is no less in the hope of profit to ourselves and our readers than from the desire to do a tardy justice to his name, that we give these pages, all too brief and few, to the remembrance of this long and noticeable life, so sorely tried in many and strange ways, but so full of steadfast courage, and so abundant in noble examples.

We shall not attempt even a sketch of his biography. It was not the events of his outward life that were most interesting, but the intellectual and moral development that fitted him to play his part, at a period when the nation had lost the moral elevation of its earlier days, and had given itself up without reserve to the fascinations of its unexampled material prosperity.

Mr. Pierpont united within himself the characteristics of two very distinct persons. One was graceful, cultivated, delicate, fastidious to the last degree, careful of etiquette, studious, dignified; with a certain loftiness of dignity, indeed, which strangers were apt to find somewhat frigid, but

genial and expansive with his friends, and beautifully tender and loving with children. This was the clergyman and the poet. The other was an ardent knight, armed for battle, and seeking it far and near,—battle to the death with every thing that was foul and mean; and the ancient oath of chivalry, by which the young knight vowed to "protect the distressed, maintain right against might, and never by word or deed to stain his character as a knight and a Christian," was no unfit or exaggerated expression of the spirit in which this modern champion took on his armor. Quick to discover injustice, he no sooner unearthed a new wrong than he attacked it with the fiery ardor of a nature whose enthusiasm was but the hotter for the restraint which the habits and tastes of the scholar ordinarily imposed upon it. He used all his weapons at once,—logic, sarcasm, invective, poetry, pathos,—and sharpened them all with a stern "Thus saith the Lord." This was John Pierpont the Reformer; and twenty-five years ago, few names rang wider throughout the careless, prosperous land than his.

One hardly knows which of these two sets of characteristics was most prominent in him. Perhaps he might have said of himself what Heine wrote of his own life, "I know not if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid upon my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. . . . But lay upon my coffin a sword, for I was a true soldier in the war of liberation of humanity." Sometimes the two characters joined in one effort, and then were born those ringing verses which quicken the blood even now in our veins, and of which Whittier, himself a poet of the same school, was thinking when he wrote,—

> "Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me
> Life all too earnest, and its time too short,
> For dreamy Ease and Fancy's graceful sport;
> And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,
> Like Nehemiah, fighting while he wrought
> The broken walls of Zion, even thy song
> Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought."

Such are those two poems, "The Tocsin" and "The Gag," of which the latter begins, —

> "Ho! children of the Granite Hills,
> That bristle with the hackmatack,
> And sparkle with the crystal rills
> That hurry toward the Merrimack,
> Dam up those rills; for, while they run,
> They all rebuke your Atherton," —

and to which was appended the following foot-note: "I have no feelings of personal hostility towards the Hon. Charles G. Atherton. But if, by stifling the prayers of more than one million of his fellow-men in order that he may perpetuate the slavery of more than two millions, the best friend I have on earth shall seek to make his name immortal, I will do my best to — help him."

A complete collection of Mr. Pierpont's verses would contain much that was not poetry, but only measured prose. But it would also contain a dozen pieces in which the thought is wholly divorced from any moral or political motive, and in which the imagination is so bright and pure, and the expression so graceful and happy, as to entitle their author to a very high place among the poets of the century. First among these is, of course, the little dream called "Passing away." We have no desire to exaggerate; but we are strongly of the opinion, that no poem has yet been written by any American author which possesses, in so high a degree as this, the qualities of true imaginative poetry. The poetry, we grant, is not of the highest order. The thought is but commonplace. But the succession of pictures is painted in colors at once so vivid and so harmonious, that we must go back to Keats for a parallel; and with a tenderness and purity of feeling which Wordsworth could not surpass. We quote a single stanza as a specimen; but our readers are doubtless familiar with the whole.

> "While I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
> Of thought or care stole softly over,
> Like that by a cloud, on a summer's day made,
> Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.

The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when Evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face,—yet one couldn't but love her;
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"'Passing away!—passing away!'"

In direct contrast to the lightness and elegance of this is the grave strength of "The Exile at Rest," which is very noticeable for the sobriety and fitness of its figures.

"His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone: not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire nor brother, wife nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now, alone: the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk; the nations from afar
Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone: the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch: the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No.

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh."

The little poem on the death of a child, "I cannot make him dead," "Not on the Battle-field," "The Pilgrim Ode," and several of the Hymns, — doubtless familiar to most of our readers, — show the same characteristics of deep and tender feeling combined with uncommon felicity of movement and expression. The poetic faculty survived in full force even to his last days. Few even of his best poems are more remarkable than that which he wrote in the early months of the Rebellion, and called "*E Pluribus Unum.*" The easy swing of the verse is in wonderful accord with the buoyant, gallant, martial spirit of the song.

> "Should the demon of Discord our melody mar,
> Or Treason's red hand rend our Union asunder,
> Break one string from our harp, or extinguish one star,
> The whole system's ablaze with its lightning and thunder.
> Let the discord be hushed,
> Let the traitors be crushed,
> Though "Legion" their name, all with victory flushed!
> For aye must our motto stand, fronting the sun,
> *E Pluribus Unum* : — though many, we're one."

Had there been no slavery in the land, no drunkenness, no imprisonment for debt, it is hard to say what the poetic faculty of a mind at once so strong and so graceful might not have produced. Or had he possessed the placid indifference to public affairs and the welfare of the community which is commonly joined to that faculty, instead of his intense moral earnestness and sensitiveness, we might have had from him such a body of imaginative poetry as no American poet has yet created. But can we wish the change had been possible? Would we exchange the fame of the reformer for that of any poet of the century? Not until we are ready to put intellect above conscience, and confess that poetic imagination is a finer thing than moral devotion.

Mr. Pierpont came to Boston, as a minister, in 1819, fresh from failure in various forms. He had failed as a lawyer: he had failed as a merchant. He came to the pulpit at a time when the country, having recovered from the prostration of its second war with Great Britain, was entering on that

astonishing career of prosperity and growth which has been and is still the wonder of the world. Boston was then a town of 40,000 inhabitants, still under the virtuous and benignant sway of a board of selectmen. It was compact in territory, homogeneous in population, more easily reached and agitated by the voice of a single preacher than now, after the growth in size and the deterioration in quality of a quarter of a century. The Hollis-street pulpit had been made conspicuous by the splendid eloquence and the manly liberality of Dr. Holley. But no pulpit had yet ventured to step far aside from the narrow path of tradition, or to throw its light over the boundless fields of human effort and human suffering which lie on either hand. Mr. Pierpont soon proved himself no unworthy successor of the eminent man in whose place he stood. He had found his vocation at last, and, we may suppose, enjoyed the full measure of the position and influence to which he had succeeded. With his commanding presence, his silvery voice, his grace of manner and gesture, his skill in the use of language; his brilliant social qualities; his warm and lively interest in whatever was noble and of good report, — we must believe the later testimony of friend and foe to the effect that he was much beloved, and that the people were proud of their minister. But pride and prejudice, often associated, do not always work in the same direction. The times were growing troubled. A few men began to see dimly, that this young nation might profitably give a little attention to something else than making money six days in the week, and going to church twice on Sundays. The pulpit of Hollis street had always been pretty keen of sight, and the sermons of the new minister began presently to grow alarmingly definite and pointed. The ghastly evil of drunkenness, the cruelty of the laws which regulated the affairs between debtor and creditor, were matters which came under the daily notice of every man. Having once thought of these things, such a man as Mr. Pierpont could in nowise refrain from speaking of them. And, if he spoke at all, he spoke the whole truth, without reserve or modification; calling white white, and black black. A little later,

the plots of the Southern traitors began to take form, dimly at first, but foreshadowing the tragedies of the last years. Slavery, heretofore quiet and torpid, began to stir uneasily at the suggestions of hunger. The Missouri Compromise, instead of settling every thing, as its friends predicted, had but shown the South its own power and the boundless servility of the North. South Carolina passed her law for the imprisonment of black seamen. The Florida War was fought, with an atrocity that might have taught the North a lesson, had they not been so over-ready to accept the "settlement" of the Southern leaders. The imprisonment of Torrey, the murder of Lovejoy, the gag-law of Atherton, the mobbing of anti-slavery meetings at Philadelphia and Boston, were not events to "overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder." Very slowly, a few men at the North began to see what sort of a creature it was that lay there coiled in the nation's lap. Mr. Garrison began his work. Mr. Pierpont found a new department of inquiry, and one which he was not slow to explore. But a minister who was liable any Sunday to open on his congregation with either or both of two such topics as temperance and slavery, to say nothing of kindred subjects of lesser importance, was something new under the sun. And not more new than unpleasant. There was an admirable chance for a division; and it is in no way surprising, things standing as they did, that it came in the form we all remember. It has always been so, and perhaps will always be so. Men are generally cross when they are awaked suddenly out of a sound slumber. If any thing is surprising, it is that so few were awake already. But the ashes of that controversy are cold, and we shall not seek to rekindle from them the flame which once burned so fiercely. It was seen from a goodly distance, and did much towards the desirable end of getting people awake. This much only we must say, — for in any notice of John Pierpont it would be either cowardice or prejudice to omit all mention of that long struggle, — that it was the direct result of his whole theory and practice of life. He had his own views of the duties of a minister in times like

those on which we were then entering. He put at the head of his poem called "The Tocsin," in his printed volume, these strong words of Daniel Webster: "If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there may be a sinner bloody with this guilt within the hearing of its voice, *the pulpit is false to its trust*," — words which met precisely his own ideas of the matter. He saw his duty with a clear eye; he followed it with a brave heart. "The age was dull and mean," as Whittier sang later; the press was servile; Congress was busy with matters of purely material interest, with tariffs and banks; the pulpit followed the pews, instead of going before. He could not imitate the example. He could not, we say; for we doubt whether to him there was any temptation. Every fibre of his heart trembled with indignation at the meanness and crime which he saw abroad and in high places. Speech, vivid and direct, was a moral necessity of his nature; and he spoke. Of course, he gave mortal offence. There was not, perhaps, a parish in the land which could have borne such truths as he told, with composure. The opposition was bitter and powerful. It only strengthened his resolution. "Damn braces, bless relaxes," says Blake. "I will stand in a free pulpit, or I will stand in none," exclaimed Mr. Pierpont. Up went the standard of free speech. Down went all considerations of salary and livelihood. The war grew hotter and hotter, and it lasted full seven years. It was one man against many; it was poverty against wealth. Yes, but it was also right against wrong; and, as it has been before and shall be again, so it was then. The right conquered. The "one with God was a majority." All the ingenious hatred of personal enemies was fruitless to bring against him, on any charge, sufficient evidence to procure an unfavorable judgment from a council of which some of the members would not have been sorry for the opportunity of condemning him. The council, however, while returning a decision which was in the main a triumph for Mr. Pierpont, took occasion to express their opinion, that his communications to the parish had been marked by "a degree of harshness, levity, personality, ridicule, and sarcasm, at variance

with Christian meekness." Easily said by placid clergymen without enemies or exciting topics, who understood little of the depths of that sensitive and fiery nature, and felt little of the impulse which prompted its utterances. Possibly, in the heat of earnest speech in the pulpit, he had allowed his indignation, while denouncing the sin, to scorch the sinner with a "Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" Possibly, in the everlasting interchange of letters which preceded the council, he had allowed too full play to his magnificent power of sarcasm and to his withering scorn. But we cannot look very hardly upon these faults. They were very human faults. As to the first, the prevailing weakness of all preaching is likely long to continue, what it has always been, a safe and mild indefiniteness in treating of sin, which is ill calculated to awaken remorse or penitence in the sinner. How much more manly was the severity of his reproaches than the polite apathy with which it was contrasted! Reforms are rarely advanced by compliments, but more often by the plain words, "Thou art the man." And, in regard to the personal controversy, it is to be remembered that Mr. Pierpont was a deeply injured man. He was, while fighting the battle of justice and truth in the community and the nation, struggling single-handed in the defence of his own personal honor, against a band of wealthy and determined men who were seeking his ruin. It was very serious work with him; and he must be a pretty strenuous advocate of non-resistance who can withhold his admiration for the gallantry and spirit and dignity with which he carried it through.

On the main point, however, the judgment of the council was decisive. Nothing that Mr. Pierpont had said in the pulpit on those odious topics furnished the least reason for advising a dismissal. "*Cela constate que la tribune est libre.*" The freedom of the pulpit was vindicated, and was never again to be questioned. It was worth all the misery and all the scandal of that seven years' war to get that principle so fairly recognized and declared.

Mr. Pierpont remained in Boston until 1845, when he resigned his place at Hollis Street, and removed with his

family to Troy, whither he had been called to the charge of the small Unitarian Society, then recently formed. Troy is a bustling and prosperous little city, whose social life is vastly different from that of New England, and could have but small attractiveness for a man like him; but yet, in the four years of his residence there, its people grew into some dim recognition of his quality. It was, however, an exile; exile from old friends, from the old church, from the streets and homes which the varying experiences of nearly thirty years had endeared; exile cheerfully borne, — with serenity, if not entire content. How welcome was the call which drew him to Medford, in 1849, we may easily imagine. How entirely happy and beautiful his life was there, those best know who saw him in the calm and deep peace of his own home at West Medford. It was the placid autumn of his life. He was resting after the heats of his fervent summer. He had done his part in the great warfare; and though his enthusiasm for the good cause never abated till the day of his death, yet his active service in it may be said to have practically ceased from the time when he left the Hollis-street pulpit. Younger hands had taken up the old banner which he had carried so high in the earlier days. The nation was now fast waking up; and though wickedness seemed as strong as ever, and even more bold than ever, there was good hope that it was at length to be met and overcome by something as bold, and stronger.

But, when the long contest culminated in actual war, he could bear no longer the inaction of his village life. He had not been used to a place in the rear of the army. He must go to the front now, and be once more, but literally now, as in the old times figuratively, face to face with the enemy. He was seventy-six years old. So much the better: he would set the example to younger men. He applied for and received the chaplaincy of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry, and marched with his regiment to the capital. These Boston streets, that forty years ago saw the tall form passing to and fro in the affairs of his ministry, saw now the same form, not less erect, marching in the midst of a thousand

bayonets to the defence of the same cause for which he had fought, but with other weapons, through all those long years. It was a magnificent flash of sentiment. But sentiment will not supply the place of physical strength; and the old hero had for once over-estimated his own vigor, and underrated the hardships of military life. The regiment, marching in the late autumn, went at once into camp on Hall's Hill, one of the range of bleak eminences which stretches along the west bank of the Potomac. The weather was growing cold. The days were tedious, the nights long. We shall never forget the account, half ludicrous and wholly pathetic, which Mr. Pierpont gave us of the misery he endured during those terrible nights; how he lay down without undressing, for the cold; and, after a half-dozen snatches of sleep, from each of which he awoke supposing it was morning, and as many long intervals of restless tossing, he would get up, and go stamping about the camp to keep his blood from freezing, — to the astonishment of the guards. A few weeks of this experience had pretty well satisfied him of the uselessness of continuing it; and, when one morning — having applied for leave of absence for three days to Col. Wilson, who had forwarded the application to Gen. Martindale, who probably did not know John Pierpont from John Smith — the paper came back scrawled over with the brusque endorsement, "What does your chaplain want with three days' leave of absence? Give him two days," the little rebuff went straight to the sensitive heart of the old man, and convinced him of the mistake he had made. He went to Washington, and thence wrote to Mr. Wilson, resigning his chaplaincy.

Being then in Washington, without employment, and needing the support of a regular income, he went to Mr. Chase, and stated his position. "I have no letters," he said, "and no personal acquaintance with you: I can only tell my story." The secretary said at once that nothing more was needed. "If you don't know me, I know you very well, and need no letters to tell me what you are. If you will come again to the Treasury to-morrow, I will see in the mean time what I can do." The result was the pleasant and useful labor, in

which Mr. Pierpont spent some three years, of collating and condensing, from a series of a dozen or more of huge manuscript volumes, the decisions of the Department in regard to the Customs since the foundation of the Government. The work was congenial, and, though responsible, not onerous; the hours of labor were from nine to three, which insured him abundant leisure; he was removed from any distasteful association with the great body of clerks in the Department, occupying a small room with a single companion of nearly his own age; his residence at Washington brought him in frequent contact with men whom he was glad to meet, and who were glad to meet him on the common ground of character and service. His life, we believe, was wholly contented and happy. He was on terms of friendship with Mr. Lincoln, and was able to bring him much consolation at the time of the death of his child. His task completed, he received the formal thanks of the Department for the manner in which it had been accomplished, and was promoted to a higher clerkship. He made an annual visit to the old places and friends at the East, and was in the full enjoyment of one of these visits, when his life ended, suddenly, quietly, without pain or shock,— the sleep of life changing to the sleep of death.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by:
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed the soul the nearest way.

Here is a long life, which at the first look does not seem a very successful one. The wisdom of the world would have made something very different out of all that talent and energy. His ministry ended in something very like banishment. His unremitting industry ended in an old age of poverty and enforced labor. The friends, the associates, the co-laborers of his manhood were not those of his age. And, when he died, his funeral was held, not in the old church

where the great work of his life had been done, but in the little village church at Medford, with scanty attendance, though not without just and warm recognition of his virtues. It was easy as we stood over that still face, with the soft summer airs drifting through the open windows above, to recall the past, and remember with what unwavering courage and steadfastness that splendid form had moved before the unwilling eyes of a community which now, through the bitter lessons of civil war, has but just come to see how true was the prophecy of his pulpit. As men measure success, his life was a failure; as men measure wisdom, it was far from wise. To what purpose all this up-hill effort, all this courting of obloquy, all this spitting against the east wind?

> "Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neræa's hair?"

But his measure of success or of wisdom differed somewhat from that of the world. It was something nobler than fame that raised this "clear spirit"—

> To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

"A little integrity," says Emerson, "is better than any career." We believe that even on earth he did not fail of his reward.

Will he be long remembered? Probably not. Such times as ours are unfavorable to the permanent remembrance of any but the greatest names. He has left but little behind him that a national literature will long preserve; and the circumstances of his personal history and influence were for the most part circumscribed by local boundaries, and will be preserved chiefly by local tradition. But the question for every man to trouble himself about is not how long, but *how*, he is to be remembered; and we may at least be sure, that, as long as the memory of John Pierpont shall endure, it will be the memory of a man who, if not great, had yet great qualities, and who used them greatly. His eloquence, his poetry, his grand beauty of person, his charm of manner in which sweetness and dignity mingled, his silvery voice, his exqui-

site reading, the tenderness of his life at home, — these are but the graces of that noble character. Energy, courage, enthusiasm, devotion, unbending integrity, a sure instinct for truth, and a heroic persistency in fighting its battles, — these are the qualities which shine forth with unfading lustre throughout his whole life. Let every man who honors such qualities thank God, and take courage from his example; and let every generous pulpit confess itself the freer for his having lived.

Art. VI. — THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN CHURCHES.

The second session of this Conference was held in Syracuse, N.Y., on the ninth of October. It was so unexpectedly large in numbers, instructive in debate, practical in work, and lofty in spirit, — nay, so harmonious even in its differences, that it may be said, without rashness, to have settled the question, hitherto held doubtful, whether this new organization possessed the elements of success, in meeting a real want, and one deep enough below the division walls in the Unitarian communion to be felt by the majority in each of its schools of thought.

The National Conference was established at a general convention of our churches, held in April, 1865, at New York. Let us look at some of the circumstances under which that convention met. Under the slow growth of our denomination, — much slower than its earlier development seemed to promise, — faith in associated efforts for missionary purposes had steadily declined. Our best minds had apparently convinced themselves, that Unitarianism could not be helped by missionary zeal; that its object was not in any sense ecclesiastical, or to be attained by pains-taking multiplication of churches; that it was not destined to be a national Christian denomination, seeking to obtain the widest sway as an insti-

tuted faith. Rather, it was a city of refuge, to which minds and hearts intelligent and thoughtful enough to feel the oppression and tyranny of the popular creeds might fly for profection, and find a religious home. To erect its *hospices* in the more populous neighborhoods, where such minds were common, or where some peculiar trial had created a knot of dissidents from Orthodoxy, was its highest ambition. The conviction seems to have gained ground, that Unitarianism was not so much the real religious food of America in the nineteenth century, as a kind of seasoning placed here and there on the general table to flavor the common food of all.

A strict congregationalism also favored indifference to associated effort, and made the churches jealous of the mildest common organization of the body. A part of the tyranny from which its members had fled was that of consociations and councils, which had straitened ministerial independence, and encroached on congregational liberty. The unsettled character of a theology which had invoked free inquiry, and thrown off every yoke of prescription, increased the indisposition to entangling alliances among the churches. A common creed might be asserted by leaders of the body, and vindicated to the extent of their influence or the predominance of their gifts; but it could not be formally adopted, much less formally imposed. Nobody was authorized to define Unitarianism: how, then, could it be organized or propagated by any common effort? The embarrassment was greater, when, to its open antagonism to Trinitarian and Calvinistic theology, it added bold researches into its own philosophy, and developed the old and the new school of thinkers and believers within its own communion. Then, struggles for a larger liberty at home, or struggles to resist what many felt to be a dangerous license of theological opinion, took the place of missionary zeal in behalf of a Unitarianism which hitherto it had been, at least, possible to define by its negations. Unitarianism lost, in some degree, the confidence and support of its own wealthier and more conservative constituency, who turned their liberality into educational and philanthropic channels; while its progressive party, thoroughly in love with individualism,

and dubious of all settled grounds of faith, was too much interested in finding some standing ground for itself to think of any common effort at union, organization, or propagandism.

Meanwhile, the whole temper of the religious times was against organization. What exhibited itself acutely in the Unitarian body had a chronic manifestation in all other Christian bodies. The unsettling of Christian theology by modern science, metaphysics, and political and social progress, has split all the churches in Protestant Christendom, and loosened all ecclesiastical cords and bonds. Half the population of Christendom have, within the last half-century, slipped out of organized Christian life. Disowning ecclesiastical and dogmatic obligations, they successfully resist the enfeebled efforts made with shorter nooses and a more timid hand to re-enclose them in any kind of religious pound. Unitarianism, avowing its uncreeded theology and its theory of individual liberty, has had to encounter the storm of modern thought in the open sea; while, within the roadsteads of the creeded churches, the waves have been broken. But it is not too much to say, that what would have shattered them into absolute wreck has merely stayed our voyage, without harm to our timbers, and with large hope of nobler and more prosperous ventures in the future. It is not to be denied, that this typhoon of philosophy has swept the deck of Unitarianism, and carried away a few of its most promising hands; but it is equally certain, that it has not broken up or seriously damaged the ship, but only proved the strength of its build. Unitarianism has shown itself capable of life; of coherency and consolidation of parts; of resistance to the modern climate of ideas; of contact with the impinging forces of science and experience. Its spirituality does not disdain a body, without which it might be a philosophy, but could not be a Church. Its rationalism does not disown the supernatural, which would incapacitate it from being a religion. It is not so purely intellectual as to freeze the affections, nor so exclusively ethical as to decline passional emotions, nor so private to the individual conscience as to be independent of social fellowship. Practice has substantiated what theory was unable to predict.

The doubt is solved. Unitarianism has positive as well as negative power. It is able to build as well as to destroy. It can inherit the Christian past, and hand it over to a nobler future after doing the pressing work of the present.

Interesting and instructive as the controversy has been and still is between naturalists and supernaturalists, idealists and historical believers, the common sense of the Unitarian body has settled down upon the conclusion, that the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the Church which represents and carries on his work in the world, have an authority, a worth, and a human necessity, which are not touched by these theoretical disputes. Without the least disposition to hush investigation or compromise intellectual differences, and with no contempt for either scholastic or metaphysical criticism, Unitarians are yet agreed, that that is not the main business of the Christian Church, or the chief work of the ministry; it does not furnish the bread of life for their children, nor the staple out of which the Christian civilization of the age is to be woven. And their recent change of front is simply this: They say to the critics, philosophers, and men of science in their ranks, Go on with your investigations and your criticisms, push your historical and philosophic inquiries as far as you can; but the Unitarian denomination does not exist for this exclusive business. It has the old function of the Christian Church to discharge, and to discharge by essentially the common methods, — by proclaiming the old and permanent principles, truths, and facts of the religion of Christ; by calling men to the knowledge and love and obedience of God; by maintaining Christian worship and regular religious instruction; by collecting men together in Christian fellowship; by establishing churches as the homes and seminaries of Christian nurture and salvation.

It was under these convictions that the Unitarian Convention met in April, 1865, and adopted its Constitution. "The Preamble," although adopted by a great majority, was resolutely and earnestly opposed by a vigorous and important minority. But it was felt by the overwhelming majority to be indispensable, and the very least confession of Christian faith which would be borne by the common feeling of the

Unitarian body. The friends of the Preamble were fully prepared for all the consequences of its passage. In their judgment, whatever fraction might be cooled or repelled by the ground taken in the Preamble could not, under any circumstances, long cohere with a Church organization of any sort, or long continue to care much for the name "Christian." If the momentum of the body, sphering itself in its motion as an active, working Church, — working, we mean, not merely or chiefly as a philanthropic association and upon the general interests of society, but as a Church devoted to the increase of personal faith and piety and the ordering of men into Christian fellowship and communion, — if the increased momentum of such a body should throw off what does not properly belong to it, what insupportable calamity would that be, or what serious weakness could it produce? No Christian cause can suffer from the self-alienation of any who refuse or dislike the name of believers in Jesus Christ, as Master and Head of the Christian Church.

It would be unjust to many who were opposed to the Preamble adopted in the convention of 1865, to say, that they did not substantially agree with the majority in their views of the importance of the Christian Church, or in their love for the person and devotion to the work of Christ. Many objected to it, doubtless, on grounds of respect for others' liberty, many from a distaste for the special words chosen, and many for purely theoretical reasons. At any rate, after protesting at the time and protesting in their pulpits afterwards, the great majority of the objectors to the Preamble continued to be friends of the National Conference, and determined to work with it, and not outside of it or of the denomination it represents.

We cannot spare time to give the history of the denomination for the last eighteen months. The most careless observation would notice the general quickening of our cause, both in individual churches and in denominational life. It is said, that forty-three churches have been added since that time to the denominational register, which is an increase of about one-seventh of the whole number. The re-animation of our

faith and activity is too plain to need proof. Everybody confesses it. What part the National Conference had in producing this revival of courage and effort, it is not necessary to consider too carefully. At any rate, the existence of the renewed life has been concurrent with the existence of the Conference, and, whether as cause or as effect, they are indissolubly associated.

Whether the denomination plainly saw this or no was doubtful even a month ago. It had been thought and said by a few censors of the New-York Convention, that it was contrived and guided to a predestined goal by a few zealots for organization, who did not understand the wishes or wants of the denomination; that it was a superfluous addition to, or else an attempted supplanting of, organizations already existing. How far this feeling existed in the churches or among the ministers, it was not easy to measure. At any rate, the more immediate friends of the movement were determined to use no personal solicitation or special efforts of any kind to overbear the legitimate wishes and free inclinations of the churches in regard to the National Conference. They wished to know the actual mind of the Unitarian denomination, being resolved to abide by its will. The churches had enjoyed an opportunity of seeing for themselves. If they commonly and freely chose to be represented at the second session, it would prove the reality of their faith in the Conference, beyond cavil or dispute.

Before the official report of the Syracuse session is published, we cannot speak positively of the number of churches represented there. But it is perhaps near enough to say, that it was within ten of the number which sent delegates to the general convention of the Unitarian churches at New York. That is to say, while one hundred and ninety-six churches were willing to meet in general convention, one hundred and eighty-six were willing to enter the organization that convention established, — a proportion altogether beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

The character and variety of the representation, both clerical and lay, showed that every section and school of our body

was integrated in this common movement; while the energy, temper, and spirit of the Conference proved that liberty and order, differences of opinion and unity of Christian sentiment, inflexible dissent with mutual respect and love, could be reconciled and made reciprocally helpful.

We can at this late hour, while the press is waiting for these pages, give only a glance at the more important points made in the late session.

1. The outspoken loyalty of the Unitarian denomination to the Church and person of the Lord Jesus Christ was re-affirmed in the earnest debate on Rev. Mr. Abbot's Resolution proposing to substitute for the Preamble a general statement of faith in Christian principles, and in combined action in furtherance of them. A majority of two-thirds refused to allow the change. It is impossible to recall the discussion on this point without the liveliest gratitude for the spirit in which it was conducted on both sides, and especially by the minority. It is very certain, that the opposite schools in our body were never more deeply convinced of each other's sincerity, and of the foundation of their respective positions in the profoundest convictions of each, than after the debate on the first day of the late session. It became clear, that a solemn and tender earnestness animated the young man who, pale with emotion, called for the change of the Preamble. It was just as clear, that the majority who refused it were not moved by expediency, or fear of the world's eyes, or by unreasoning attachment to what is old and customary; but by a profound sentiment of loyalty to a Master they loved, and "a name above every name" but that of Almighty God. The opposition pleaded for some gloss or modification which would save their conscience and their self-respect; but the majority also had conscience to obey and self-respect to maintain, and could not sacrifice the convictions of two-thirds to one-third of the body.

It had been forgotten, that the day before the Preamble was passed in New York, it had been unanimously agreed, that all resolutions passed in the convention were binding upon individual members, only to the extent in which they recommended themselves to their individual conscience; the Confer-

ence, not being a legislative body, but a purely advisory one. When the minority discovered this clause in the published report of the last Conference, they seemed greatly relieved, but not more so than the majority. For nothing was more obvious than the yearning of the conservative and radical parties in the convention towards each other. There was no wish for separation or exclusion, but, on the contrary, the strongest desire for union; and it is our full conviction, that the frank and manly discussion, while it emphasized the differences of the extremes, did a great deal to develop a ground of union between them in mutual respect and love, and a sense of common faithfulness to conscientious conviction.

2. The next point made by the Conference was the adoption of a plan of local organization, by which the whole body of our churches were to be districted into Local Conferences, each to be responsible for missionary operations within its own boundaries, and to meet periodically by lay and clerical delegates. We cannot better express the end and object of this local organization than by quoting from a private communication, as follows: —

"The whole story about the country churches, generally, is *They cannot send delegates.* The Conference is absolutely out of their reach. My own society might perhaps send, as they are not a weak society, but a tolerably strong one, — probably above the average country societies. But it would require so much urging and drumming up and factitious effort to raise a hundred and fifty dollars for this purpose, that it would be sure to alienate them from the Conference. This sum looks trifling to those whose societies are large and wealthy, but it is one-fourth or one-third of the salaries of some of our ministers whose churches would be excluded. I cannot better tell you how the whole thing looks from my position than giving you, *verbatim*, an extract from my discoursings which I had written to preach to my people on this subject: —

"'I presume, that with some extra, abnormal effort you might send delegates. But how is it with the societies all about you? — some of them too weak to have a stated ministry, and none of them strong enough to be taxed annually to send delegates to a convention, which perhaps next year will meet a thousand miles off. And, if you will run over the list, you will see, that about one-half the churches of the

denomination are in precisely the same state. Of the two hundred and seventy-five Unitarian churches, you will find, that about one hundred and thirty-seven are small and weak ones, sure to be left outside the new organization, and practically cut off from its benefits. For what they need most of all things is, not a few dollars sent them annually from the American Unitarian Association, but to be drawn in and embraced in the warm fellowship of the churches, that the sympathy and life-blood of the whole body may be sent into all the extremities. That is what we want as a denomination, and what we have never had. There is *ministerial* fellowship, associations of clergymen; but those golden words, "the communion of saints" and "the fellowship of the churches," we hardly know the meaning of. It has been the standing objection against liberal Christianity these thirty years, that it was not a religion for the people; it was for the city, but not for the country; for the parlors and studios, but not for the fields and workshops; for scholars and for ladies and gentlemen, but not for the men and women who grapple with the hard realities of life. You see that this new organization is running directly in this channel. If a plan had been devised to make liberal Christianity, as represented by it, a metropolitan religion merely, withdrawn from the country at large, they could not have hit upon a device better adapted to its end than its present constitution. The one hundred and thirty-seven feeble societies which will be left out were not all of them originally small and weak. Some of them were strong and flourishing once, but have gone into decline; and the light is dying upon their altars. *How came they to be weak?* That is a question which opens a most interesting chapter in the history of the denomination. Doubtless, there is a twofold answer to it. In some of them, I fear, the people have only been fed on negations and husks, and not on vital and saving truth. But this is not all. They have been chilled and frozen in their isolation and solitude. There is a large and flourishing denomination, the Orthodox Congregational; one which does not hover about the cities, but strikes its roots deep into all the country towns. Their organization is a perfect network, taking into it every hamlet, and aiming to take in every cottage, in the commonwealth. Wherever there is a Unitarian society, an Orthodox church is planted on the opposite side of the way. It begins, very likely, with three members and a prayer-meeting, and a home missionary who comes to help them on. It grows stronger from year to year. It draws its life from the liberal church opposite. It increases as the other wanes. By and by, it becomes self-supporting, and contributes to

the funds. This relative change takes place, not on account of the theology administered in the Orthodox church, which is sometimes a very liberal one, but because every one who is drawn into its sphere feels at once, that the life and energy of a large working body is pulsing through it. The little Orthodox church, which began with three members and a prayer-meeting, belongs to a Local Conference which embraces perhaps half the towns of a county, and meets twice a year. Into the ear of this Local Conference comes the report of all the wants, the trials, the successes, the revivals of religion, the accessions to the church in every society, great or small, — all of which are present by delegates. The larger churches are thus brought in direct contact with the smaller ones. They help them on, wipe out their debts, send their best men there with an earnest word, and hold them in the fellowship of Christ. No wonder the weak society grows strong. The Local Conference in which it is included belongs to a State Conference, and this again to a general one; so that the whole body, like the human system, is always sending life-blood into the smallest member and bringing it back. Hence their perfect system of contributions and charities, and the energy with which they give themselves now to the education of the freedmen and the evangelization of the waste places. You see how this matter stands, and why those one hundred and thirty-seven Unitarian societies, — half the churches of the denomination, — now to be left out in the cold, are small and weak, and how they became so. That little Trinitarian church on the opposite side of the way *has the whole Congregational Orthodox body massed behind it.* The Unitarian church near by stands alone, representing nothing but its own solitary individuality. It is the Napoleonic strategy introduced into ecclesiastical matters, — massing the solid columns against vulnerable points, and thus cutting off all the details.

"'Plainly, two things are needed, if we are to be a denomination wielding its scattered forces, to do our part in the advancement of society and the renovation of the world. First, to affirm our prime article of faith, — discipleship of our Lord Jesus Christ, on which the New-York Convention stood so nobly and firmly, acknowledging him as the Head of the Church, the medium of its strength, its light and love, always walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. This should be done, not as a timid concession to pantheists and neologists; but it should be the solid foundation of the liberal churches, against which the gates of hell can never prevail. Then on this foundation, as upon a rock, *begin at the base and organize upward.* Begin by forming Local

Conferences, where the strong churches and the weak ones shall be brought together in the fellowship of Christ, and to do Christian work together hand in hand. This forthwith would bring every feeble church into a larger communion, and send the life-blood of the denomination beating through all the veins and fibrils. What on earth does the American Unitarian Association exist for, with its board of officers, but to promote this very work, which it ought to have done years ago? Churches which had lived next door to each other, as strangers and foreigners, would thus have all the barriers of ice broken down and melted away. The Local Conferences, not the separate churches, would be represented in the larger and national ones; and they would not come together to glorify themselves, but for the very practical work of educating and evangelizing the country. The National Conference, instead of floating off out of sight and out of reach, would stand on a broad and sure foundation, with the whole country for its base.

"'The time is close at hand when these truths must say themselves, and press with tenfold urgency through those churches which have something more than a name to live.' But it is plain as day to me, that, till such a work is done as I have sketched, nothing is done which is not spasmodic and transitory."

It was apparent to the Convention, that the only way to hoop in to any common fellowship and mutual support the whole body of outlying churches was to enclose each in some Local Conference; where, learning the advantages of counsel and co-operation in smaller spheres, they might acquire faith and power for wider co-operation. The suggestion of admitting in the National Conference a representation only of Local Conferences, and not of churches, was not generally approved. It is obviously within the power of feeble churches to represent themselves by the delegates of the Local Conference. But the disposition of the majority of churches is evidently for direct representation. Such was the zeal of the delegates, and such their manifest sense of the importance of frequent sessions, that it was with difficulty they were persuaded to make the meetings of the Conference *biennial* instead of *annual.* Had the measure been advocated by any but well-known and assured friends of the National Conference, the change could not have been carried. It was, however, in our udgment very wisely adopted. It leaves the Local Confer-

ences more time to organize, and bring forth their fruits; it disabuses those who dreaded centralization, and leaves the real power where it belongs, — in the independent churches; and the labor where it can best be done, — at home.

3. The next point made in the Conference was the immediate response of the delegates to the plea made with such directness, simplicity, and eloquence by its representatives, for the Meadville Theological School. Nothing could exceed the force of Mr. Huidekoper's statements in regard to the claims of the school, except the testimony which trembled in the voices, moistened the eyes, and shook the frames of the sons of Meadville, who, one after another, as they rose and reminded us by their mere presence of what we owed that school of the prophets, showed, in the fewest and most affecting words, how worthy their theological *alma mater* was of the love they poured into her bosom. The response to this combined appeal seemed spontaneous. A contagion of beneficence ran through the assembly. The delegates were emboldened to assume the responsibility of speaking for their respective churches, and thirty thousand dollars were pledged in less than an hour to the Meadville Endowment Fund. The President's unequalled tact and promptness very much facilitated this result. But never were men under a high excitement acting upon better premises or with a cooler judgment. The money was raised because the Conference felt it was due to Meadville to raise it, and that the churches at home would not have forgiven them, if they had withheld it. We cannot doubt, that, when our churches fully understand the advantages of this method of collecting money, not only such special sums, but perhaps all the money required for the general purposes of the denomination will be raised in this way. A previous budget having been presented — say three months in advance of the meeting — by the Council, the churches might act upon it, and instruct their delegates what sums to give to general and to specific objects.

Other lesser ends were accomplished by the Conference; but we confine ourselves to these three, which seem to us to represent and include the best interests and the brightest

prospects of the denomination. In re-affirming the fundamental Christian faith of the body, we have cast anchor, and taught thousands of inquiring souls where to find us; while, in the fine spirit and gentle temper of the very opposition raised, our most rationalistic factor is shown to be Christian in spirit, pure in heart, and justly precious to the Unitarian communion. In the plan of local organization we have laid the first stones of a large, liberal, Christian Church, in which, at last, all the warmth, zeal, and co-operation, which hitherto have been confined to narrower communions, may be enjoyed in our own open and generous fold. In the prompt and beneficent contribution to Meadville, we have illustrated the practical wisdom and self-sacrificing spirit of our churches, and taken the best measures for supplying our greatest apparent deficiency, — the lack of ministers.

The National Conference dispersed from its second session, with unbounded joy and gratitude and with earnest hopefulness. Syracuse and its living church of which the noble-hearted May is the Christian Soul, had shown us what Unitarianism had done, was doing, and was to do at the very centre of the Empire State, for the cause of Liberal Christianity. We could not have had a more favorable place for our meeting, a more generous welcome or a better position from which to republish our Manifesto of Faith. And the Unitarian Denomination never had so important a gathering, and never was as strong and as promising as it is to-day.

Art. VII. — "DIFFERENCES OF ADMINISTRATION," OR ONE CABINET UNDER TWO CHIEFS.

No man will ever be able to render the late President and his policy so solid a service as his successor has already done. We have only to contrast their temperaments, styles of manhood, habits of thought, notions of the Presidential prerogative,

and views of the wants of the country, to see that whatever seemed doubtful in wisdom, slow in conduct, or deficient in dignity in Mr. Lincoln, has wholly disappeared in the presence of the alarming qualities displayed by the present head of this nation. We often charged Mr. Lincoln in his lifetime, in thought, if not in words, with painful procrastination in the formation and utterance of his policy, with irresolution of purpose and feebleness in action. The proclamation of Emancipation stammered on his tongue, until many who had long watched his half-open lips, with strained and tearful eyes, thought him dumb. The negro's musket hung fire still longer under his timid hesitancy to call it into the field. He bore with McClellan's trenching and burrowing, until the more earnest and forward friends of the cause lost all patience, and could almost gladly have seen the capital and the administration captured by the enemy, as the only hope of arousing the country, and getting rid of over-cautious and self-saving leaders. He kept a cabinet about him, against half of whose members the more enthusiastic patriots were incensed for their seeming apathy and inefficiency; while the leading newspapers clamored for their removal. The constant cry was for more energy, more promptitude, more leadership. When he quashed Fremont's proclamation in Missouri, and disowned Cameron's letter, and countermanded Hunter's order in South Carolina, and Phelps's in Louisiana, the radical Republicans felt that they had a tortoise instead of a hare to follow, and would have risked any rashness in their banner-bearer rather than put up longer with such perilous prudence. When blood was running in rivers, and gloom shrouded all hearts, we heard, with constant concern and dissatisfaction, of his inconvenient jesting and undignified story-telling, and, when the eyes of all nations were upon us and him, of his awkward manners and negligent costume, his disregard of official etiquette, and want of diplomatic reserve; and sometimes rued the folly which had allowed a rail-splitter and flat-boatman, however honest and intelligent, to sit in the chair of Washington and Adams. Never, however, did any doubts of Abraham Lincoln's purity of purpose, of his supe-

riority to personal ambition, or of his patriotic devotion of heart, cloud the Northern judgment of his character. But with all the credit he enjoyed for justice and fairness, magnanimity of heart and sagacity of judgment, there is no denying the disappointment we felt at finding him so slow, so cautious, so wanting in dignity of manners, so patient with feeble generals and compromising advisers.

And now, after the experience of the last eighteen months, what would not his least sparing critics give to have Mr. Lincoln back in his place? What praise would they not be disposed to concede to the very qualities then deemed so blameworthy? We have seen enough precipitancy and readiness to assume responsibility, enough executive decisiveness and promptness of action, to teach us the wisdom of the self-suspicion and modesty which Mr. Lincoln felt became a republican President. Now we see that he only waited patiently for the people to form their opinions and express their purposes, and wisely allowed no haste of the few in advance of public sentiment to drag him from his policy of keeping just abreast of the real wishes of the nation. It was this genuine respect for the people that kept him calm, prudent, patient, and always fully up with, but never an inch before, their line. Mr. Lincoln valued counsel in proportion as it was more or less direct from the people. For the Constitution and his oath of office he had the profound reverence which becomes a President of the United States; and in nothing he ever said or did, lost sight for a moment of his supreme obligation to maintain that fundamental instrument. But he did not bring the Constitution and the people's deliberate will into needless antagonism. He did not profess a reverence for the Constitution, with no regard for the American people that originally made it, or for that national life it was fashioned to protect. How sure we were that no supreme interest of the nation would be sacrificed to any Levitical literalism or Pharisaic scruples, and that the manifest will of the people would not be balked and broken by bringing down upon it their own fundamental law!

How different is that appeal to constitutional law and pre-

cedent which we have seen inaugurated with Mr. Lincoln's successor! He has taught us to associate only cramps on liberty, and fear for the safety of all our dearest national hopes, with "the Constitution." He has interpreted it against the people who made it, and claim its protection; against the proper distribution of the power and duties of the Government; against the authority of that Congress, fresh from the people, and the lawful representatives of their latest will; against the hopes and guarantees which the costly war we waged entitled the conquerors to exact; against our effective allies, the negroes, by whose help we won the battle, and whom we stand pledged in the sight of God and the nations to see established in the possession and safe enjoyment of the freedom they conquered for themselves and for us.

Under Mr. Lincoln's cautious policy we called aloud for a man willing to take the responsibility; we wanted a dictator; we craved a leader who would issue his orders from the front, and not from the rear. And Providence has sent us what we asked for, — a President who had a will of his own, and a disposition to use it; who did not propose to wait for Congress or the people, but to inaugurate his own policy, and carry it into immediate effect. Already we have seen the consequences of that kind of resoluteness and determination. The President, in the superabundance of that firmness we deplored the want of in his forerunner, has made us, with all our hearts, wish back again the deference, the law-abiding and self-withdrawing disposition, of Mr. Lincoln. Over against his tardiness and caution stand his successor's precipitation and rashness; in contrast with his tenderness and unwillingness to blame or to dismiss political opponents or military obstructives, we have the wholesale decapitations of men too faithful to the principles and votes that elected the Vice-President to adopt the views and wear the favors of the President, who, rising by accident so far beyond his own hopes, has fallen so far below those of the party that trusted him with his opportunity. For Mr. Lincoln's jests we have his successor's oaths; for his little stories about others, we have the President's great stories about himself; for his hesi-

tancy, his successor's obstinacy; for his mild and forgiving temper, which at most appeared to treat our enemies too generously, the President's "policy," which threatens to put the nation at the mercy of those in the South who fought us four years unto the death, and those in the North who secretly enjoyed their victories and furtively encouraged their resistance, or even openly applauded their success.

It must to many be a very perplexing problem to account for the policy which prevails in an administration appointed in the interests of anti-slavery, and successfully sustained by the people in a war brought triumphantly through under their own guidance. The President's own defalcation from Northern and Republican principles is not so unaccountable. Born below the slave-holding order, and representing in the labor-despising South the necessity of daily personal toil, Mr. Johnson grew up a natural hater of the aristocratic and slave-holding class, and found his only way to the elevation his natural ambition and strong native powers made necessary to him by the lucky and honorable road he took. He became the champion of his own despised class; and, under the support and the sympathies of the laboring people of Tennessee, he climbed up that long series of official stairs which his own enumeration has made so familiar. There is no need to disparage Mr. Johnson's talents. We think more highly of them than most Republicans. He is undoubtedly a man of great native force of intellect and exceeding strength of will, with clear and forcible powers of expression, fully capable, when calm and collected, of an impressive statement of his opinions. Moreover, we are not disposed to doubt or deny his love for the Union or his genuine patriotism. We believe in his sincere hatred of slavery, — not as a moral wrong, but as a political evil; and in his full persuasion that it is dead past resurrection. But his mind is trained chiefly to contend, and is capable of vigor only in reasoning to a foregone conclusion. His will has personal passion for its chief inspiration and stiffening. He is weak in his moral perceptions and his instincts for right, angry at opposition, disdainful of counsel. Perilously open to flattery, and even soft to those who throw

themselves upon his mercy and protection, he is hard as the nether mill-stone to those who question his wisdom or dispute his will. He cannot distinguish between persons and principles. His opinions are passions; his resolutions, like the wild bull's, who shuts his eyes as he lowers his horns and makes his charge.

Mr. Lincoln kept his personality so in the background, that he could at once accept the wisdom of events, follow the leadings of Providence, welcome the counsel of the experienced, and accommodate the national policy to the turn of circumstances and the indication of the people's will. Mr. Johnson's personality is so huge and obtrusive that it blocks his own way, and makes the national problem a personal equation. He is a Southern man in every fibre of his being, with all the violent, unsubdued, obstinate, revolutionary qualities which mark that effete slave-system and the semi-civilization it produced. He is not accountable for his temperament, his blood, and the prejudices of his breeding. We are responsible for putting him where the one man's death could seat those prejudices and passions in the presidential chair. It is not so much to his discredit as to our peril, that his blood and breeding have proved themselves too strong for his promises or his original intentions. No man knows how he is going to use power till he has it. No man knows how the secret fibres of his will, steeped in unconscious dews of old associations and local sympathy, may suffer him to act, when he is suddenly in a position to do as he chooses. At such a crisis, a man's nature overpowers his will. Every man desires the approbation and confidence of his own immediate class and section, his birth-place and early playmates, more than that of all the world besides. And this familiar principle of human nature accounts for the unexpected zeal with which a President, elected for his supposed hostility to the whole Southern policy, has, since he came to power, turned to the South as to his natural ally, — the most earnestly coveted approver and upholder of his course.

But how shall we account for the support which the President's re-actionary policy has received from the mem-

bers of his cabinet? We have no right to assume their deliberate want of principle, — no right to doubt their intelligence, their patriotism, or their uprightness. Mr. Seward, for instance, is a man of consummate ability and experience, a philosophical and practical statesman, familiar beyond any man in the land with public business, and possessed of natural faculties of the rarest kind. When we remember that for twenty years, almost single-handed, he led the anti-slavery fight under the Constitution, and by his prudence and persistency, his grasp of principles and command of himself, won the battle, so that to him, more than to all other men in this country, we owe the education of the political mind of the nation to anti-slavery sentiments; when we consider, besides, that his diplomatic adroitness, his mingled courage and prudence, staved off, during the whole war, the interposition of England and France, and enabled the country to concentrate its whole strength upon the rebellion, — it can be only with the greatest reluctance that we can attribute to such a political leader an unworthy motive or a blind policy. His adhesion to the President's policy can be explained perhaps without discredit to his principles, however damaging the explanation may seem to his judgment. Those men — and Mr. Seward above them all — who have shaped the foreign policy of the nation, and successfully conducted the war to its close, are naturally and pardonably anxious to believe that the whole work is done, that nothing of serious importance remains to be accomplished, or is to be dated from any later administration than their own. Tired and worn with their herculean labors, they think the nation as weary of struggle, as impatient for fixed and settled conclusions, as they are.

But the nation is resolved to bear the ills it has, great as they are, sooner than accept any anodyne or skin-deep remedy. Statesmen who have earned the love and gratitude of a whole generation may tell them, that it is safe to admit rebellious States, which have just laid down their arms, back to equal powers and rights with those which have spent half their substance, and a tithe of their young men, in resisting

that desperate treason; but the people will reject their witness, and scorn their wisdom. The people may be mystified and astonished, but not unsettled. They are too deeply disciplined in the practical cost of the war, too immediately acquainted with its results, to be at the mercy of merely philosophic statesmanship or political metaphysics. The people will reply, not with words perhaps, but at least with ballots. Red-handed traitors forced to their knees and compelled to crave pardon, then springing to their feet and demanding equal rights and powers in the Government they have just done their best to blot from the earth! All the constitutional lawyers in the country may unite in justifying this plea: the plain sense of the American people repudiates it as sophistry and fustian. They will not take this counsel from anybody, no matter what his past services may have been; and the best that can befall such advisers is to have their counsel ascribed to weakness and weariness, not to wickedness and a total recanting of their entire political faith. Three months ago, there seemed a serious danger that the President's policy would prevail with enough of the people to split the National party in twain, and allow the enemies of the war to slip into power through the gap. There are always in this country powerful elements to which such a party as the President has started may effectively appeal. The "unwashed" democracy, who hate godliness and cleanliness with equal cordiality, and who form the scum of our great cities, are always ready for any measures which they instinctively know to be offensive to high-toned, moral, and philanthropic men. They properly regard the Republican party as led by the piety and worth of this nation, by the people who detest grog-shops and sabbath-breaking and gambling-saloons and dance-houses; and that is enough to make it odious to them, and their personal enemy. Then, alas! a portion of a far more respectable order, the class of day-laborers, have a secret or avowed detestation and fear of negro labor. They are neither willing to confess political equality with, nor to allow economic competition to, the black man: they are opposed to any thing looking towards equal

suffrage, and in favor of whatever tends to postpone or prevent it. Again, the capitalists of the country are characteristically in favor of the powers that be, and of order and stability for their time, without regard to broad and permanent considerations. Moreover, the "outs" are always wishing to be "in," and the administration has a formidable ally in the countless offices in its gift. Besides these, there is a large class of men moderate by temperament; men who think the middle course is always the safe one, and whose whole idea of wisdom and statesmanship consists in being half-right and half-wrong; men who are ready at any moment to join the party of compromise and concession. Finally, there are the tired, the thoughtless, and the indifferent, who will go for any thing that is convenient and easy, and must in all cases be expected to follow the tide.

But all these classes taken together would not have been able to present an alarming front, if there had not been in the Republican party itself men of ability and political experience who were in-born and in-bred States-rights Democrats; men in substantial sympathy with the Southern secessionists in their principles, though happily not in their acts. These men, from the very horror of finding their principles leading to treason, became terrible Unionists and fierce Republicans, under the name of War-Democrats, when their own principles fired into the flag at Sumter; and under the national uniform concealed, and for the time disowned and forgot, the political costume which they had so long worn. But the moment the South laid down its arms, though compulsorily, these original States-rights men resumed their old ideas and dress, and recalled the ancient alliance of the South. The soldier-senator who had made the nation thrill with his clarion voice when he said, "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," presided at the Philadelphia Convention; and, in one day, had the profitable post of naval officer at New York and the high station of Minister to France offered to his choice. All that class of men, too, whose lack of sympathy and popular instinct made them

strict constructionists during the war, opposed to the legal-tender act, opposed to the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, opposed to the whole theory of the war-powers of the President, — were of course ready to take any opportunity for emerging from their obscurity and insignificance, and appearing as officers in an administration party. What could we expect from such men, but that they would rejoice in the policy of the President?

The essential difficulties of the Freedman's Bureau, and the dreadful confusion and contradiction of testimony in regard to the conduct of the negroes themselves, added another highly disastrous element to the promise of the pure Republican policy. But, above all these dispiriting influences, the tentative, dilatory, and expectant strategy of the last Congress discouraged many of those who elected it. Its constituents could not appreciate the essential difficulties in its way. Really, there was little, if any, wilful, factious, or vindictive spirit in Congress. The very men whom it has been the fashion to make scape-goats of, and to characterize as virulent partisans, were true, sagacious patriots, whose principles were simply too stern to melt in the first mildness of returning peace, and who "saw what they foresaw;" viz., that the country at large, in its inexperience of civil wars, was in too much haste for safety, and in danger of excess in magnanimity, confidence, and forgiveness. Congress understood, far better even than the nation, the necessities of the last critical session. It had a much closer view of the administration, the President's temper and aims. While we were abusing its inaction, its ultraisms, and its long debates, it was blocking the wheels of precipitate self-surrender, and barring the doors of the Capitol against rebel generals, who were ready to vault from their field-saddles into senatorial chairs, and win back with their votes what they had lost to our swords.

In easy, slothful, prosperous times, the American people have fallen below the expectations of their best representatives and noblest leaders. In adverse, dark, and desperate times, they have risen above them. The people is the grand

success of our institutions. The cities confound and disappoint and shame us, and then we have for safety to evade our principles, and hedge ourselves in against democratic lawlessness and robbery. In New-York city, we hate election judges, we abominate our municipal government, we substitute for the popular choice a set of State-made Commissions that violate the whole theory of American democracy. We dare not trust our police, our fire department, our public aqueducts, to our own people. It is a humiliating necessity which cannot be safely obviated. But the country, as distinguished from the cities, is safe and sound in its principles of self-government. It may prudently elect even its judges, and trust democratic principles from the core to the circumference. It is the people at large, living in villages and on farms and in workshops, that represent the higher American instincts, and embody the political sagacity, the patriotic earnestness, and strength of the nation.

They have been — they are — essentially and overwhelmingly sound. If the President, or the Administration, or Mr. Raymond, or even Mr. Beecher, had fully known and believed it, before the late election, they would none of them have ventured on a course which was doubtless shaped by doubts and fears, whether the people would really bear the tight and heavy yoke of their own costly principles; whether to suit the times it must not be lightened and smoothed, and made looser and wider so that the Southern neck would not be pinched by it. The salvation of the glorious cause is due to the actual soundness of the people's heart and head: the fresh comfort and confidence we feel of late is due to the discovery of this soundness.

That discovery has been greatly aided by a few significant incidents, among which, as of most importance, we rate the President's recent journey through the West. Whether considered in the impression it made upon the people, in the test it applied to existing Republican opinion, or in the manufacture of fresh opposition, it was probably the most extraordinary instance on record of self-destructive canvassing for popularity. Every time the President opened

his mouth, he disabused some of his possible adherents of their prejudices in his favor. He discharged himself of every particle of reserved power; made it impossible for his best friends to justify or applaud him; dispersed all the roseate clouds that hang around the Presidential chair so long as the incumbent is decently reticent or retiring; and left himself, seemingly, bereft of all supporters but office-holders and traders in low political stocks.

Next in importance to the Presidential progress was the nature of the success of the Philadelphia Convention, where Mr. Vallandigham's magnanimous retirement from a body that showed it liked the thing, but not the name of the thing, stamped the assembly with an expression that appalled the nation. Massachusetts and South Carolina, that had gone through the old Revolution shoulder to shoulder, had too recently had those shoulders behind opposing firelocks to make their locked arms, then and there, any thing but a melo-dramatic farce, which drew the laughter of the people, and the tears only of the assembly itself. The enthusiasm of that occasion was so forced and its success so fictitious, its echoes at all public meetings in other cities so hollow and artificial, that it must be considered as one of the most fortunate incidents of the fall's campaign, its success being like that of the Bull-Run victory of the rebels, — a success which cost them all their after-defeats.

Next in importance was the New-Orleans massacre, which opened a million eyes to the alleged loyalty of the South, and its disposition toward the freedman, while throwing a broad light upon the President's notions of State independence and negro security.

The reception given to Mr. Beecher's letter, cruel and unjust to him personally, was nevertheless so just to the cause he seemed rashly to be stripping of his life-long support, and so necessary to the public health, that it must be considered as one of the costly sacrifices of a great man's prestige to the more precious interests of the national cause. If the idol of the people may not dare to lay one doubting finger on the reconstruction policy of the people, or on the

Congress that speaks for them, who else shall hope to escape political pulverization that ventures to follow his instructive example?

And so, by these tests, the Providence that shapes our ends has been showing the people their own heart, and awaking to more perfect consciousness their convictions of duty to the sacred cause of national unity and genuine emancipation. The loyal people mean to keep the powers of this Government in their own hands, until they can trust it with a wiser administration than we now have. They mean to have full and satisfactory guaranties of the loyalty of the late rebel States, before they admit them back to place and power. They intend to defend the freedmen, and see them in full possession of civil and of political rights. The victories of Maine and Vermont were but the first picket-shots, or the fire of the skirmish line. The triumphant battalions of Pennsylvania, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, have just discharged their solid platoon fires, and the welkin rings with their echoes. What will not be the uproar, when the great West brings all her mighty artillery into range, and the vast voices of her prairies speak through the hoarse throats of her freedom-shotted cannon? If that political Jericho, the administration policy, can stand the noise of this triple-deep procession that thus knells with awful thunders its downfall, it will be because no masonry ever equalled the obstinacy of Mr. Johnson's temper, and no walls ever showed the elasticity of Mr. Seward's confidence.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

Judged from the point of view of a liberal theology, the recent volume of Dr. Clarke * has several points of marked interest, and a value which we are glad to recognize. It is a sincere attempt to appreciate, through pious and imaginative sympathy, the religious value of a doctrinal system of commanding importance in the history of the Church. It is, to some extent, an attempt to trace the actual origin of that system, in facts and philosophies, of which history makes record; still more, to view it with philosophical fairness, as a mode of thought based on real emotions and experiences of the religious life. It shows throughout the marks of careful and thoughtful study; and, what is better, of an anxious desire to mediate among theories conflicting and little understood. We welcome it as a help towards a generous historical and critical estimate of what, in our view, the foremost intelligence of mankind has, once for all, utterly outgrown. With the system of religious dogma known as Orthodoxy, we desire no compromise whatever; nor do we consider that any compromise is possible. But there may be a better mutual knowledge, and we thank Dr. Clarke for whatever contribution he has made towards it. To this end, even the bookish and technical style of his discussion, which we dislike, may be of use,† by lifting the topic out of the sphere of passion into regions impersonal and symbolic; while his simplicity and directness of statement, his frequent felicity of illustration, and the tenderness and skill with which he touches on lines of religious emotion and devout experience, are qualities as precious as they are rare in controversial theology.

In the criticisms we shall make upon this volume, we shall have in view simply its aim to mediate between systems of belief irrecon-

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* Orthodoxy: its Truths and Errors. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Published by the American Unitarian Association. 12mo. pp. 512.

† Seen, for example, in such verbs as "posits" and "conditions," such nouns as "noumena," and such adjectives as "multilateral" and "unilateral." As another fault of style, we remark that the manly and direct "I concur," is immediately preceded by the slipshod and vague "we regard," — the writer, in each case, expressing only his own independent view.

cilably hostile. That the author should fail in this generous attempt was inevitable: we shall endeavor to show why and how he fails.

Regarding the nature of Orthodoxy in itself, Dr. Clarke is of the opinion, that there are "great convictions underlying and informing all the creeds," which "have been the essential ideas of the Church, and constitute the essence of its Orthodoxy." He adds, that "it is not any definite creed, or statement of truth, — is not of the letter, but of the spirit." So far, his assumption seems to be, that Orthodoxy is the very truth underlying certain systems of belief; that Orthodoxy, although it has errors, is at bottom not only true, but the *essential* truth of Christianity. The "heart" of our generous brother seems to have been the source of this good-natured view. At any rate, his head shows it little respect. The Orthodoxy which he leaves, after removing "errors," is the mere ghost of actual Orthodoxy. Moreover, he deals with Orthodoxy as a system, of which, he says, "We assume the 'Assembly's Catechism' as almost *the* standard," and the "underlying convictions" of which he thus recites: —

"By Orthodoxy we mean that great system of belief which gradually took form in the Christian Church, in the course of centuries, as its standard theology. The pivotal points of this system are sin and salvation. In it man appears as a sinner, and Christ as a Saviour. Man is saved by an inward change of heart, resulting in an outward change of life, and produced by the sight of the two facts of sin and salvation. The sight of his sin and its consequences leads him to repentance; the sight of salvation leads him to faith, hope, and love; and the sight of both results in regeneration, or a new life. This system also asserts the divinity of Christ, the triune nature of God, the divine decrees, the plenary inspiration of Scripture, eternal punishment, and eternal life."

We might justly assume that Dr. Clarke considers these the "truths" of Orthodoxy; and yet the last sentence of the passage evidently mentions several of his "errors" of Orthodoxy, if we may judge from the succeeding discussions. Without this sentence, we have here the "underlying and informing" "truth" of Orthodoxy. And, behold, it does not allude to God! Its Saviour is the man Jesus. Its Holy Spirit is the feeling with which man looks upon Jesus. Hence we reject wholly Dr. Clarke's "truth" in Orthodoxy. We go to a deeper thought; we demand a deeper faith. God is with us. He it is who, by his paternal chastisement, shows us the evil of sin. He it is who inspires in us, by his merciful dealing in ten thousand events of life, the hope of deliverance from the evil.

He it is who challenges our faith and love. His blessed spirit, his holy inward influence, leads us to truth and quickens us for heaven. A theology with only a man to fill the offices of God! Much as we admire the kindness of Dr. Clarke's heart towards Orthodoxy, we cannot but be shocked by the position in which he places himself. Orthodoxy has in Christ a "God and Saviour." In Dr. Clarke's "truth," on which Orthodoxy and Unitarianism are to meet and unite, there is no "God and Saviour." We can assure Dr. Clarke that Orthodox faith in God will never accept this "truth." Loyal to God always, it will cease to regard Jesus as Saviour when it ceases to regard him as God. And Unitarianism, if it will not cease to have a theology, and become the merest Humanitarianism, must advance to pure Theism.

We pass over Dr. Clarke's chapter on "The Principle and Idea of Orthodoxy." It is enough to cite the language in which he states the fundamental maxim of his religious philosophy: —

> "We say there is a power in man by which he can see spiritual facts, as with his earthly senses he can perceive sensible facts. If he has no such power, he is incapable of knowing God, but can only have an opinion that there is a God." — p. 38.

So again (p. 39), he states as "the basis of religion . . . a living sight of God, the soul, duty, immortality." The metaphor here is suggestive, but misleading. Surely, a man may have a well-founded, earnest, and confident religious belief, who can attach no intelligible meaning whatever to the assertion that one "can see" such "spiritual facts" as Dr. Clarke enumerates. Nor have we ever before heard, that "the central idea of Orthodoxy" is, that "saving faith is essentially not emotional nor volitional, but intellectual." We are very sure that we were taught, that to see God in Christ without emotion or surrender of will would consign us to the lowest hell.

"Naturalism and Supernaturalism" is the title of Dr. Clarke's third chapter. To speak with entire respect, the definitions and argument of this chapter could hardly be more unsatisfactory. We despair of bringing them under critical notice. But the "truth" of supernaturalism in Orthodoxy may be readily stated and judged. It is, that the moral and spiritual law and order of the Divine administration would not in itself bring truth and redemption to man. The moral law and order of God, says Orthodoxy, would not in itself spare a single soul. There must be intervention from without the Divine government. The spiritual law and order of God, says this

system, would never enlighten and quicken the soul. A special intervention must introduce truth and life to man. Naturalism asserts, that the natural course of God's dealing with humanity, by his holy providence and blessed spirit, is entirely adequate to give truth and life to every soul of man. The worst aspect of the "supernaturalism" represented in this book is, that it takes a man and certain facts of man, and asserts of them a divine adequacy which it denies of God in his natural course of law and order. Jesus and his "miracles" — a man and his deeds — are *the* supernatural by eminence. God stands in the background. Naturalism asserts, that Jesus and his deeds are in no special sense supernatural, but the product merely, the same as all humanity is, of God's infinite and perfect order of the supernatural. Thus true supernaturalism, which treats of God, agrees with true naturalism; and the actual "supernaturalism," whose "truth" Dr. Clarke seeks, is pseudo-supernaturalism.

"Miracles," says Dr. Clarke (chap. iv.), are true. As he had said in "The Hour which Cometh," Jesus "had at his beck the inexhaustible supplies of miracle." Or, as he now puts it, "The whole life and character of Jesus were supernatural and miraculous in this sense. They cannot be explained as the result of any thing existing in the world before." Dr. Clarke appears to forget that God existed before Jesus was born, and was the author and providence of the progress of mankind before the son of Joseph undertook, if he did undertake, to take the kingdom upon his shoulders. He appears equally to forget, that God had supernatural power enough to make some display, before Jesus made, if he did make, the great display for all time. The question then is, not whether the world could produce Jesus, but whether God could produce him in and of the world. Did God, in the regular course of his dealing with humanity, produce Jesus? Theism has to answer that he could and did; for it teaches that God was with humanity adequately all the time, and it utterly repudiates the untheistic, almost atheistic notion, that, before and beyond Jesus, God was not fully with man. Dr. Clarke can concede the Orthodox "truth," because in his view God had hardly begun to give supernatural attention to mankind until Jesus came. He can so far adopt the Orthodox spirit as to pronounce the history of Jesus under the treatment of Renan "an amorphous mass of unhistoric rubbish." And, although he seems to say that he has *seen* God and immortality, he can insist on the resurrection of Jesus as "bridging over the gulf between this life and the life to come." Not that he

really believes that Jesus rose from his tomb; for he says, "The essence of the resurrection is this: Resurrection is not coming to life again with the same body, but ascent into a higher life with a new body." But Dr. Clarke would prove the universal fact of God's order of the universe by the incident of one man's life. Why not believe directly in God, and in the eternal life of God in the soul of man, — especially if one has *seen* God and immortality? "Jesus appeared in his higher body," says Dr. Clarke, "to lift his disciples above the fear of death." On the day of Rev. John Pierpont's funeral, a lady related to us the appearance of Mr. Pierpont to her the day before. Dr. Clarke cannot prove that this appearance is not as credible and significant as the appearance of Jesus. And he cannot seriously urge, that one such appearance supports Christianity; and that Christianity would perish, if Renan or Strauss could disprove this appearance. If Divine Providence used ignorant faith in resurrection, it is not the first time that God has made our error to serve his truth. "The Christian Church rests" *not* on its history, much less on one fact of its history, but on the providence and spirit of God. The human historical connection is of no necessary significance. It may be that God entirely overturned and made over the original Church of Jesus before it was truly Christian. Even now, it may be that God's intention in Christianity will be fulfilled only when Christians, in obedience to the general principles of the teaching and life of Jesus, set aside the *body*, so to speak, of that life and teaching. Shall we take God for our Saviour, our law and example; or shall we take a fellow-man? Shall we, because of God, have a good hope of eternal life; or shall we rest this on an incident in the life of a fellow-man?

Dr. Clarke's exposition of inspiration, revelation, and the authority of the Bible, is peculiar. He says, "Inspiration is a mental sight, corresponding, as nearly as any thing can, to physical sight." It is unfortunate that this notion of *sight* should mislead a Doctor of Theology. Dr. Clarke avows candidly, that "*what* he shall see will depend on what he looks for." — "All Christians" were thus "enabled inwardly to see and to know Christ." It seems, then, that an unverified notion about God or Christ will become supernatural revelation to one who "looks for this," — "looks into another world" for it. That same opinion *about* a thing which Dr. Clarke despises so cordially thus gets turned into a revelation. Would it not be as well, then, to find some rule of right opinions, that we may know

what to "look for"? "Philosophy tells us," says Dr. Clarke, "what men think about God, revelation what God thinks about men. Revelation is the drawing aside of the veil which hides God, duty, immortality. It does not give us speculations about them, but shows us the things themselves." Is this indeed true? Who is it that has not told us his thoughts of God, but rather, having personally seen and known God, has told us what he saw God do, and heard God say? Dr. Clarke degrades inspiration in general to make a special place for Christian inspiration. He forgets again, that all inspiration is by God's presence with man. Suppose God does inspire one in solitude, through nature, to comprehend the truth in nature. Dr. Clarke most unwarrantably says, that this is not Christian. He does not appreciate God in nature. The source of Christian inspiration, says Dr. Clarke, is "the inward Christ." Does he not, then, in this connection, believe in God? "The two supernatural events of Christianity" — the birth of Christ, and his coming inwardly to the disciples on the day of Pentecost — were the occasions of Christian inspiration. Ah, well, "how empty the world was of God at the time of Christ's coming!" as Dr. Clarke elsewhere says. How much God was indebted to Jesus and his apostles for procuring him an entrance into the world! Dr. Clarke shows how little real divinity he finds in the Bible, when he says, that, if the New Testament is put upon a level with human literature, "inspired only as Plato is inspired, then it will be read only as Plato is read; that is, by one man in a million." According to our observation, most Unitarians have come already to that critical conclusion; but do we find the result he predicts? We are decidedly of the opinion, that God, whom our brethren serve day and night, is a more important object of attention than even the New Testament. The revelation in nature, in life and humanity, in the heart and mind, enables many to dispense with the book, especially as so many words of the book confuse their sense of God's goodness, rather than assist it.

We pass over two of the chapters, in which Dr. Clarke tries to show how the beggarly elements of Orthodox dogma may be made palatable to the liberal believer, and come to his chapter on "the Orthodox Idea of the Son of God." Jesus, he says, "had two natures, — a divine nature and a human nature." In him "the divine Spirit and human soul became one in a perfect union." He was the "God-man." "Men were now able to see God manifested in man as a living, present reality. '*Here*,' they said, 'is God. We have

found God. He is in Christ. We can see him there.' Is it any wonder that men should have called Jesus God? that they should call him so still? In him truly 'dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily.'" *If* Dr. Clarke, having *seen* both God and Christ, deposes that the latter is "the express image" of the former, we can only say, this passes our comprehension. For ourselves, however, we can depose that our devout Orthodox belief in Christ never helped our faith in God. And we read the New Testament in vain for a word of evidence from any one who saw Jesus in the body, that God was seen in him.

In treating of the atonement, Dr. Clarke *sees* — we do not venture to call it "speculation" — the following "secret": —

> "Christ plunged into the midst of sin to save souls, as a hero rushes into the midst of burning flames to save lives. No man like Jesus had ever felt such anguish and horror at the sight of sin; but, instead of flying from it, he came into the midst of it to save the sinner. This was the secret of his agony, the bitterness of his cup."

This sorrow revealed to the apostles, says Dr. Clarke, the evil of sin, and the compassion of God. Is there a word of truth in all this? Suppose Jesus had this sorrow, did the apostles observe it? What they *supposed*, years after, is another matter. Did they see and heed in Jesus "this infinite horror of sin"? No. Ask the chosen in the garden whether they even kept awake. It is the merest invention to assert, that Jesus showed to his disciples the pains of a God-man, and thus impressed them with God's feeling about sin and redemption. And as to these pains, what were they? The fixed fact in connection with them is, that Jesus had a will which he himself found to be not God's will, and that his chief pain was in giving up this will. Is not this the old human story? And does it not agree with the fact, that Jesus wished to be — nay, fervently believed himself to be — the Jewish Messiah? He suffered the pain of a defeated and lost hope. It cannot be supposed that a Divine Saviour would not see the bright side of an evil world. If Jesus, either as God-man or as a man of faith, did not see the better side, it was because he lost himself through some trouble of the hour which disturbed his faith. The pains mark deficiency, human deficiency. The theory of sentimentalism about the infinite sensitiveness of Jesus is the merest notion. *Men* of *faith* are lifted out of such sensitiveness. Had Jesus known nothing of man's condition before that hour of his "agony"? Had

he not adjusted his faith to the case? Was he not stayed on God? Whence, then, his blinding pain, except from a disappointment for which he was not prepared? Instead of straining after an impossible Divine sufferer here, interpretation must find a human sufferer, one who suffered through human weakness, and in this was not more divine than other men.

Dr. Clarke states in these terms his view of the use of Christ's death: "It has lifted men above the fear of God into the love of God." Has it? Have Christians usually ceased to fear "an angry God"? What is it that made the Christian Church persecute, as no other religion has ever persecuted, except Christian terror of the wrath of God? Absolute freedom from fear of God has come only to the few who regard God as the Saviour of all, and thus make no account of the death of Jesus. Dr. Clarke continues, "Not the mere death of the human being could have done this; but the God who dwelt in him has uttered his tender love, his forgiving grace, from the cross." Is it possible that Dr. Clarke, even in the vague style of speculation he follows, means to intimate that God, or the God in Jesus, suffered and died on the cross? Evidently he does not appreciate the extent to which he is "plunging" into Orthodoxy. "We need," he says, "something to believe in, — some manifestation, some object. Something we need done by God to assure us, that he is in earnest in desiring us to come and be reconciled to him." Can this be the language of one who really has faith in God? Need to be assured that God is in earnest! May we venture to say, that a good "opinion about God," a rational belief as to God's character, might go far to meet this need, although generally Dr. Clarke considers opinions and beliefs as of very small account? Dr. Clarke finally asserts, in the boldest untheistic terms, that, while Christ was in the image of God, the Christian is in the image of Christ; and that, while Christ was in his work the channel of God's life, the Christian is in his work the channel of Christ's life. This is not the language of pure Christian faith. God is the supreme and sole source of all life, in Christ and in us. Christ is a product of God's working only as other men are. He does not in any way or sense take the place of God. God, by his infinite order of all things, has from creation made us one, and to eternity keeps us one. He, by his providence and spirit, will make all souls feel this union. Hence the unreason of any sort of scheme for getting Jesus to do God's work of redemption.

Dr. Clarke's peculiar use of "sight" is nowhere more irrational than in what he says of the "second coming of Christ as Judge." His method of explaining away the New Testament, by "looking into the other world" to see what its texts mean, and "seeing what he looks for," is truly amazing. But this is the least. All through the discussion, we hear of Christ, and of his presence in the hearts of Christians, and of his invisible coming in the world with all power and judgment, quite as if there were no God our Father, and no universal kingdom of God. Yet Dr. Clarke does not consider Christ really God, nor does he explain why God does not himself effect the redemption of mankind.

In his desire to apprehend the "truth" of the Orthodox Trinity, Dr. Clarke seems to us peculiarly vague and unsatisfactory. He finds a "real Trinity, not merely nominal." But *how* he finds it we fail to see. There are "three distinct and independent revelations" — of which "each reveals God as a person" — in nature, in Christ, and in the soul; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Are these, then, three persons? Dr. Clarke says distinctly, "The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are not merely three different names for the same thing." They are, then, names of different things, as of three persons? It would seem so; and yet Dr. Clarke goes on to say, "They indicate three different revelations." Revelations of one thing? Yes: "three different views which God has given of his character." How then is it, that the three terms above are not "different names for the same thing"? And when Dr. Clarke says, "God is seen in Christ again as Redeemer," what does he mean? Does he mean that a view of God is seen in Christ? No: he expressly says it is a "person" of God. But the sort of person thus asserted is peculiar, no real person. Altogether, Dr. Clarke has made a very curious mixture of Trinitarian phraseology with a mode of thought which expressly denies the Trinity in any intelligible sense.

This book betrays in its leading assumptions a total misapprehension of what it is in Orthodoxy which gives it its hold upon the vast body of Orthodox believers. Orthodoxy is not a parcel of "insights," each one of which may be separately revised until all are changed as Dr. Clarke changes them. It is a revelation, definite and systematic, of THE way of salvation. High Orthodoxy, as it appears at Princeton, is constructed of the very words of God in the Bible, taking those words in their strict sense, without regard to seeming contradiction and unreason. Low Orthodoxy, as at New Haven and

Andover, is the same system divested of needless unreason and inconsistency. Orthodoxy, in the proper sense, is a biblically revealed plan of salvation, into which the dogmas set aside by Dr. Clarke as errors are wrought as part of its very substance. The power of this system is its pretension, first, as the only and the absolute revelation of God; and, second, as the only and the absolute way of salvation. Its great appeal is not to the intellect, but to man's feeling of need and of danger. Thus saith God, *Fly for your life.* Thus saith Heaven, *Come out of the awful danger.* These are the standing arguments of Orthodoxy. The *possibility* that God does so speak, and that not to heed is to perish, holds securely to-day a vast number who see no great *probability* that Orthodox faith is true. The feelings and the will hold on, although the intellect lets go. Dr. Clarke's generous attempt to justify Orthodoxy can hardly fail, so far as it is heeded, to strengthen the feeling by which so many are bound to a false system against their convictions of truth. But we have no idea that it will be heeded. Of course, a certain number will find in it an echo of their own thought. But to those who need help, this book gives none; it will not even secure their attention. A face turned away from the goal does not command much attention in a day of steady and swift progress. Even a man who has put his hand to the plough most nobly, as our brother has, loses instantly, if he look backward. The thing for a true man is not to see how he can step back to those that are behind, but how he can go forward with those who are in advance. The truest men of God take no step backward. Dr. Clarke, with his gifts and in his position, instead of lending the weight of his name to re-action, should give himself to wise sympathy with progress. The young "radicals" of a new generation have a claim upon our true prophets which the dogmas of Orthodoxy have not. Dr. Clarke's position in liberal theology is similar to the position in politics of Mr. Beecher, who feels for ex-rebels more than for the tried and true loyalist. A misplaced generosity in both cases; and, with Dr. Clarke, a lack of sympathy with his younger and more radical brethren which was not to have been expected.

In conclusion, we must reiterate our conviction that Christian theology cannot accept any less than God in the great offices of the Divine administration. A Christ who is not God, who does not veritably sit on the throne of heaven, doing and sustaining by virtue of absolute Godhead, can fill only the merest human offices. For all Divine work, God all-glorious is fully armed. His providence has

more than Messianic sway; his influence upon souls is the only holy spirit and the universal life. To speak of a fellow-man, or of an almost God, as the one who is coming, whose kingdom is the hope of our souls, who will deliver, will redeem, will bring home to heaven, is an error of the first magnitude — not of the heart and life, indeed, but of thought — against Him who is Saviour and Spirit unto all our race, the God and Father of all souls. The effort to perpetuate this error can only delay with a very few the unfolding of Christian faith in God. Within the ranks of earnest Orthodoxy there will be no acceptance of our brother's position. There, Christ will cease to be the central figure of theology when he ceases to be God. Nor is the day distant when Orthodoxy will confess its failure, and Christian faith go out from it. For a time, even in liberal ranks, it will be possible to raise the insane cry of "Deism! Deism!" or "Theism! Theism!" but very soon even the sects will have to concede, that the great Christian faith is to believe in the living God.

E. C. T.

The reader who is familiar with M. Taine's "History of English Literature" will find, in his recent volume,* the same theory applied to every form of art, which is there applied to literature. The course of lectures embraces two parts: the first treating of the nature of the work of art; and the second, of the law of its production. All works of art, whether painting, poetry, or sculpture (music and architecture are excluded from this first consideration, as being much more complex in their character), are more or less works of *imitation*. We praise them or condemn them as they are or are not "natural." The career of a great artist embraces two epochs. In his youth, he studies things in themselves, labors over them, and torments himself to express them. This is the epoch of his strength. In the case of Michael Angelo, it lasted nearly sixty years. "This idea descends upon you from every corner of the great vault of the Sistine Chapel." But this enthusiasm for nature and fact is followed by the epoch of prescription and conventionality. Here the artist abandons facts, forsakes nature, and works upon the basis of a theory or creed. Michael Angelo, in his old age, though much superior to others, is

* The Philosophy of Art: a Course of Lectures delivered during the Winter of 1864. By H. Taine, Professor of Æsthetics and of the History of Art, in the École des Beaux Arts, Paris. Translated from the French, and revised by the Author. New York: Baillière Brothers. 1866.

inferior to himself. Hence his Conversion of St. Paul, his Crucifixion of St. Peter, and even his Last Judgment. So, in the writings of Corneille, we recognize two periods. In the first period, he is the child of nature; in the second, he is the slave of system, calculation, and routine. Not only does the history of individual men prove the necessity of imitation; but every school of art degenerates, when it abandons nature, and forsakes the living model. Hence Greek art was magnificent, and early Christian art contemptible; and hence the difference between Racine and the writings of a century later, where they dared not call things by their proper names; "where a cannon is designated by a periphrasis, and the sea is called Amphitrite; where the imprisoned thought shows no accent, no truth, no life, seeming to emanate from the lips of pedagogues capable of nothing but presiding over a factory of Latin metres."

But, if exact imitation were the end of art, then would a good photograph be superior to a good painting; and the stenographer's report of a criminal trial would be finer tragedy than Shakespeare ever wrote. In sculpture there is a certain falseness in the uniformity of tint, but upon this it is dependent for a great deal of its charm; and in the drama there is a certain falseness in the rhyme and rhythm used by the characters, but this again is not a fault, but a condition of the highest excellence. What art really aims to represent is "the relationship and mutual dependence of parts." The painter's aim is to achieve a harmony of form and color; the sculptor's, to reproduce the "logic of the body;" and, in the literary effort, what we want is not details of events and characters, but the *ensemble* of their relationships and dependencies. Thus art becomes a matter of intelligence, not a mere work of hand. M. Taine's law of art-production may be stated thus: "A work of art is determined by a condition of things, combining all surrounding social and intellectual influences." The details of this development are very rigid, and comprise the most interesting portions of the work. Especially do the chapters, where this law is shown to have expressed itself in Greek and Mediæval art, impress us as the perfection of statement, and as being most remarkable for grace of style and felicity of expression. If there were no such thing as *genius* in the world, and if (as M. Taine tells us he believes) the dominant passion of the artist were to obtain appreciation and applause, the philosophy of art would here be written for all time. But there are some things which demand and supply do not regulate. Even in this money-making

nineteenth century, there are artists who would rather be poor than false to their idea; rather be honest with themselves than popular with all the world. "The decisive, boisterous will of the public" affects these men no more than would the croaking of as many frogs. Even a man of talent must, to some extent, create the taste by which he is to find appreciation; and this the man of genius does invariably. Society condemns the men who minister to tastes which they have themselves created, when it is conscious that they might improve upon their past. What shall we say, then, of the artist who conforms himself to tastes that are not of his making? and what would be the worth of his creations?

It was to be expected, that, in so far as M. Taine sought to find a formula for genius, he would fail. Talent he may formulate; but genius is a very different thing. That divine spark refuses to be weighed in scales, be they adjusted ever so nicely. It speaks of the great future far more eloquently than of the present or the past. The spirit of the age, this critic tells us, controls the artist, and commands the poet what to sing. But what controls the spirit of the age, and makes it what it is? Surely it changes with the changing centuries. Why does it change? What changes it? Science, criticism, politics, philanthropy, certainly do their part. But, while they are active, is art merely passive? Surely not. It is characteristic of all great art that it creates the taste by which it is enjoyed. How was it that a people who could enjoy Pope came to enjoy Wordsworth and Shelley? Because these men refused to minister to current tastes, but went their own way, set up their statue, and left the people to abuse it for awhile, and then bow down and worship it. This is the work of the great artist everywhere. When he does this, he ceases to be passive, and becomes an active, revolutionizing force. We cannot think, then, that a work of art is universally "determined by a condition of things combining all surrounding social and intellectual influences." It is oftentimes, no doubt; and to the art determined in this way, we can appeal when we desire to know how much has been attained already in the world. But there is art which is determined far less by what the present is than by what it is not, which has the secret of the future in its grasp. This difference implies the main defect in M. Taine's theory. It does not sufficiently distinguish between the man of talent, who is fashioned by his period; and the man of genius, who makes his epoch, and impresses upon it his own character and thought. But, while this limitation of M.

Taine's philosophy deprives it of that scientific character which he was anxious that it should possess, it leaves us in possession of a method, which, well used, might deprive art-criticism of the dogmatic virus it uses so malignantly, and the intense personality by which it has generally been characterized, when it has not been a jargon of mere technicalities. J. W. C.

The heading, "For family and private use," on a commentary, is almost always a sign of superficial thought and narrow knowledge. It is certainly so in the case of the thick volume of the Vicar of Stradbroke, Suffolk, which has just been republished by the Carters.* Six chapters of the Gospel of John are in this production diluted, twisted, and travestied, to a degree that leaves the substance of the text in utter darkness. Mr. Ryle's preface prepares us for a poor book, when he tells us he has not seen fit to use any edition of the Greek New Testament later than the fifteenth century; that he does not consider the German commentaries as either very trustworthy or valuable; that he has *not* used the works of De Wette, Meyer, Dorner, or Lücke; and that he believes devoutly in plenary, literal, and verbal inspiration. There is a charming simplicity in the catalogue of ancient authorities and mediæval authorities, the quartos and folios, which he enumerates as the sources of his knowledge, and the subjects of his long and painful study, to the neglect of easier and more rational modern works. The object of his commentary is "to remove a few grains of ignorance, and to throw a few rays of light on God's precious word;" but, to accomplish this object, he deliberately rejects the helps that Biblical science so plentifully offers, and denounces what he is unwilling to use or examine.

We do not call this commentary worthless. There are some true and some valuable things in it. But we call it worse than worthless, because there are so many things in it foolish, absurd, far-fetched, and bigoted; because the text is made responsible for a meaning and a spirit utterly foreign to the fair interpretation of the words. We might instance passages from almost any page, to show how weakly and wildly this reader of the Gospel tells its purport. His notes on

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* Expository Thoughts on the Gospels. For Family and Private Use, with the Text complete. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford; Vicar of Stadbroke, Suffolk. St. John, Vol. I. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1866. 12mo, pp. xvii. 422.

the first verse extend over half-a-dozen pages. Their value may be judged from the profound closing paragraph: —

"The whole verse, honestly and impartially interpreted, is an unanswerable argument against three classes of heretics. It confutes the Arians, who regard Christ as a being inferior to God. It confutes the Sabellians, who deny any distinction of persons in the Trinity, and say that God sometimes manifested himself as the Father, sometimes as the Son, and sometimes as the Spirit; and that the Father and Spirit suffered on the cross! Above all, it confutes the Socinians and Unitarians, who say that Jesus Christ was not God, but man, — a most holy and perfect man, but only man."

One of the ablest and most successful attempts to popularize the scientific criticism of the New Testament, of the many that have recently been made, comes to us in the volume * which Réville has so finely translated from the Dutch of Qaalberg, preacher in the Hague, the court-city of Holland. After reading this remarkable collection of discourses, so fresh, so glowing, so eloquent, so bold, so full of sharp points at once so warm in pious sentiment and so daring in utterance of heresy, we do not wonder at the extraordinary effect they are said to have produced; that crowds waited upon their delivery, and that they have given to Qaalberg in Holland such a fame as Theodore Parker gained in America. The position of Qaalberg in theology is substantially that of Parker; but he is fortunate in living in a country and a time where his opinions find more sympathy. We look now to the land of Grotius and the Remonstrants for the best results of theological study as well as for the bravest utterances of liberal thought. The scholarship of Leyden is fully abreast of the age, and the voices from that home of free inquiry give no uncertain sound. The prophecy of John Robinson two centuries and a half ago is even better fulfilled to-day in the land from which the Pilgrims came than in the land which they found; and the once contemptible "Low Dutch" tongue is likely soon to become a classic and honored dialect in the highest of studies. Such works as "Kuenen's Introduction," "Scholten's Manual," and these sermons of Qaalberg, are likely to make the fens of Holland as attractive as the moors of Yorkshire were made by the writings of Charlotte Bronte. The present volume is only half of the original work of Qaalberg. Another volume is soon to follow, of equal size. The topics already

* La Religion de Jésus, et la Tendance Moderne. Par J. C. Qaalberg, Docteur en Théologie, et Pasteur de l'Eglise Reformée de la Hage. Traduit du Hollandais avec un avant-propos de M. A. Réville. Paris: 1866. Tome 1. 16mo. 231 pp.

discussed are the "Origin of Religion," in which the author maintains that it comes naturally in the very constitution of man, and is not a gift from without or above; the "Ascension of Jesus," which he accepts as a symbol, but shows to be impossible as a physical fact; the "Gospel of Jesus," which he shows to be the good news of God near the soul, and not any republication of Rabbinical fables or traditions; the "Holy Spirit," which is the "fruit of faith," and the property of all believers; a "Story of Eighteen Centuries," in which he shows how modern theological changes have an exact counterpart in the ancient ages, only in reverse order; and the "Life and Lives of Jesus," in which the origin of the Gospels is discussed, and their relation to each other and to the essential truth pointed out. In preliminary chapters, there is an earnest vindication of freedom of speech and freedom of inquiry in sacred things, and a justification of those who seek truth against the hard names which their enemies give them. This new work of Réville may be fitly placed with his excellent but too short "Life of Theodore Parker."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Powell & Co.'s "National Picture" of Lincoln, Hamlin, the Thirty-eight Senators and Nineteen Representatives of the Thirty-eighth Congress who voted for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing and prohibiting Slavery. (We cannot do less than endorse the testimonials which appear in their advertisement in this issue of the "Examiner.")

Spanish Papers and other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished or unedited. By Washington Irving. Arranged and edited by Pierre M. Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam, Hurd & Houghton. 2 vols. pp. 466, 487.

An Introductory Latin Book; intended as an Elementary Drill-Book on the Inflections and Principles of the Language, and as an Introduction to the Author's Grammar, Readers, and Latin Composition. By Albert Harkness. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 162. (Containing Paradigms and Select Sections, transferred in *fac-simile* from the Grammar, with numerous Examples for Practice.)

A French Grammar; being an Attempt to present, in a Concise and Systematic Form, the Essential Principles of the French Language, including English Exercises to be translated into French, with Vocabularies, an Alphabetical List of the most common French Idioms, and a copious Index. To which is added a French, English, and Latin Vocabulary, containing the most common Words in French, which are derived from Latin. By Edward H. Magill, Submaster in the Boston Latin School. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. pp. 287.

Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 272.

Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. 359.

Asiatic Cholera. A Treatise on the Origin, Pathology, Treatment, and Cure. By E. Whitney, M.D.; and A. B. Whitney, A.M., M.D., late Physician and Surgeon in Diseases of Women in the North-western Dispensary, Visiting Physician, &c. New York: M. W. Dodd. 18mo. pp. 214.

Charles Lamb. A Memoir. By Barry Cornwall. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 304.

A Grammatical Analyzer; or, the Derivation and Definition of Words, with their Grammatical Classification. For the use of Schools and Academies. By W. J. Tenney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 227.

Bound to the Wheel. A Novel. By John Saunders. Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Martin Pole," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 213.

Red Letter Days. By Gail Hamilton.

A Yankee in Canada, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 286.

Massachusetts in the Rebellion; a Record of the Historical Position of the Commonwealth, and the Services of the leading Statesmen, the Military, the Colleges, and the People, in the Civil War of 1861–5. By P. C. Headley. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 8vo. pp. 688. (With Portraits and a full Index.)

The Divine Attributes, including also the Divine Trinity; a Treatise on the Divine Love and Wisdom, and Correspondence. From the "Apocalypse Explained" of Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 390.

The Rise and the Fall; or, The Origin of Moral Evil. In three parts: 1. The Suggestions of Reason. 2. The Disclosures of Revelation. 3. The Confirmations of Theology. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 311.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. ix. The American Revolution. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. 506.

The Authorship of Shakespeare. By Nathaniel Holmes. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 631. (An argument for the Baconian authorship, valuable at least for its abundant citations.)

Great in Goodness; a Memoir of George N. Briggs, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts from 1844 to 1851. By William C. Richards. With Illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. pp. 452.

The Picture of St. John. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 220.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Complete edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 370.

The Hidden Sin. A Novel. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 189.

Character and Characteristic Men. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 324.

Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 486. (With a Chronological List of Milton's Prose Writings, and a very full Index.)

Superstition and Force: Essays on the Wager of Law; the Wager of Battle; the Ordeal; Torture. By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 8vo. pp. 407.

The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival. By Julius H. Ward. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 583.

Memoir of Timothy Gilbert. By Justin D. Fulton. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 255.

The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey. With a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 437. (Blue and Gold.)

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo. pp. 214.

The Toilers of the Sea. A Novel. By Victor Hugo. pp. 155.

The Adventures of Reuben Davidger, Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo. By James Greenwood. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866. 12mo. pp. 344.

A True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." pp. 138.

Gilbert Rugge. By the author of "A First Friendship." pp. 235.

Miss Marjoribanks. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. pp. 182.

The Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing. From the German of Joseph von Eichendorff. By Charles Godfrey Leland. With Vignettes by E. B. Bensell. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1866. 16mo. pp. 192.

Poor Mat; or, The Clouded Intellect. By Jean Ingelow. 18mo. pp. 125. With Frontispiece. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1866.

Honor May. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (This unpretending volume belongs to the class of "art novels," of which Germany (after the example of Heinse's "Ardinghello") has furnished so many specimens, and of which "Charles Auchester" and "Counterparts" are well-known instances in English literature. A very sweet and wholesome book it is, — as free from the snobbishness as it is from the morbid sentimentalism that taints so much of recent fiction; and — what especially recommends it in our estimation — truly and thoroughly American, even to the "box of candies" with which Uncle Phil entertains his lady-friends on an evening visit. The absence of divisions seems to us a defect, — not a very serious one, but still a defect. How easy it would have been to give the story an epistolary form, which is always pleasing in works of this sort when a lady writes, and which the flowing, chipper, yet graceful style of the author so readily suggests!)

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SIXTHLY. — *The fact* that, in purchasing a Piano-forte, the established reputation of its maker should be relied on as strongly as its *apparent* quality, and far more than its first cost.

SEVENTHLY. — The immense working capital employed, which commands alike the choice of labor, the employment of the most skilful artisans, the selection and accumulation of materials of all kinds, and the thorough and lengthened seasoning process to which the lumber is subjected.

EIGHTHLY. — *The fact* that the unexampled success achieved by STEINWAY & SONS' PIANO-FORTES, in spite of all and every opposition, is admitted to be owing to their sterling and lasting qualities, which stand alike the test of time and trial.

NINTHLY. — *The fact* that the majority of the most eminent artists of Europe, and, with but few exceptions, the most celebrated pianists resident in America, prefer them for their own private and public use whenever they can obtain them; and their testimony is overwhelming, as will be seen by their certificate, signed by S. B. MILLS, ROBERT GOLDBECK, HENRY C. TIMM, F. L. RITTER, GEORGE W. MORGAN, THEO. THOMAS, MAX MARETZEK, WILLIAM MASON, ROBERT HELLER, WILLIAM BERGE, F. BRANDEIS, THEO. MOELLING, E. MUZIO, CARL ANSCHUTZ, A. H. PEASE, CARL WOLFSOHN, A. DAVIS, F. VON BREUNING, THEO. EISFELD, CARL BERGMANN, and many others.

STEINWAY & SONS,

WAREROOMS, Nos. 71 AND 73, EAST FOURTEENTH STREET (between Union Square and Irving Place), NEW YORK.